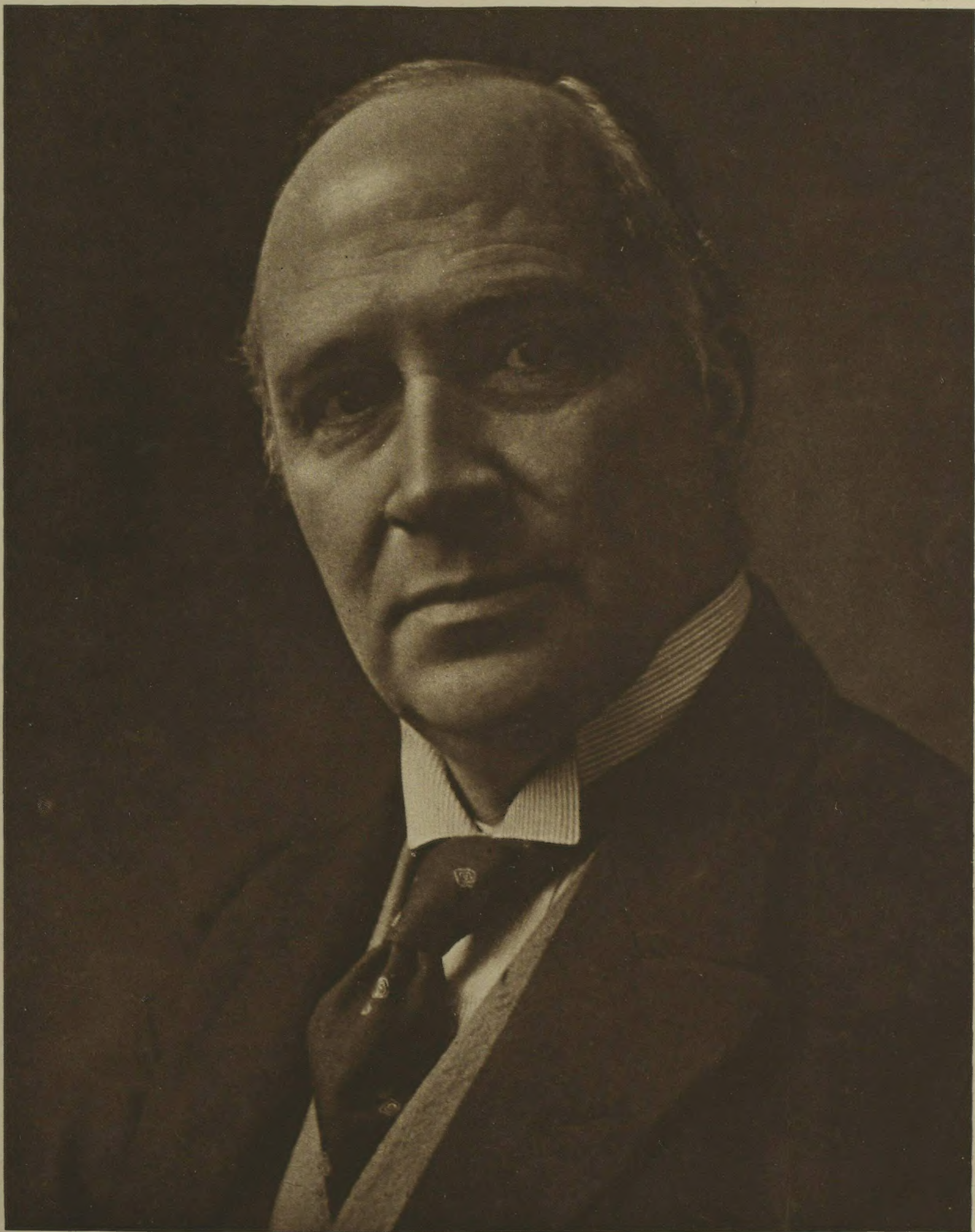


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1920.

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THE MINISTER WHO HAS TO DO WITH THE SINN FEINERS: THE RT. HON. SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, Bt., M.P.,
CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, who holds the least enviable of Ministerial offices, has conducted the Government's Irish policy with great firmness, vigour, and courage. He has made many fighting speeches in the House, notably on November 24, when he denounced the massacre in Dublin of "unarmed, and largely non-combatant, British officers which marks one of the most horrible tragedies in Ireland, or even in the world." "My own view is," he continued, "that there will be more bloodshed, that there will be tragical murders of servants of this

House, and no one knows on whom the blow will fall next." At the same time he appealed to the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland "to come out and condemn this murder business with the same zeal with which they fought Con-scription." Sir Hamar Greenwood, who was born and educated in Canada, sits as a Coalition Liberal for Sunderland, and has been Under-Secretary for Home Affairs. As Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 10th Service Batt. South Wales Borderers, he served in the late war in 1914-16.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is a funny little fallacy on the subject of being funny. A man is supposed to be making a fool of himself when he is rather making a fool of his opponent upon his opponent's own principles. Those of us who have learned geometry in the old text-book of Euclid are familiar with the idea of a *reductio ad absurdum*; but many of us are quite surprised to find it is absurd. And we often do not seem to realise that what is absurd is the absurdity, and not the argument that points out the absurdity. Suppose a man says solemnly that our enlightened age must give an equal freedom to the practice of all religions. And suppose another man replies by mentioning a form of religious thought, which he has encountered in his travels, which consists of throwing babies to a divine crocodile. It is often said that the first man is serious, which he may be in one sense. But it is also said that the second man is frivolous, which he is not in any sense. To begin with, of course, feeding a crocodile on babies is not a completely or exclusively frivolous occupation; least of all for the babies. Nor, indeed, is it generally very frivolous for anyone concerned; for such religions are generally full of seriousness, which can sometimes be the wickedest thing in the world. Such barbaric faiths are generally full

blue monkeys, missing links, supermen, strong men, souls of the hive, herd instincts, nine-headed elephants, materialist theories of history, lumps of rock, images made of mud, and all the wonderful variety of the gods that men have worshipped. The man who points out that the baby-eating crocodile is included in this generalisation is supposed to be only out for laughter, but he may be only out for logic. Brown and his crocodile are a perfectly consistent comment on Jones and his creed; and it is the business of Jones, as the modern theologians say, to restate his creed. What Jones means is really quite different from what Jones says: that all men must be equally free to practise their religion. What he means is something like this: that given a society with a common morality about most important things, anyone must be allowed to promulgate, by the ordinary activities of that society, his own version of the origin or sanction of that morality. So long as he agrees not to throw babies to crocodiles he may explain his reluctance to do so by various ingenious theories. He may say that enlightened self-interest prevents him from throwing a baby to a crocodile, lest some fine day a baby should throw him to a crocodile. Or he may say that all life is evolving upwards; and that the babies, if

which he expressed a general sympathy with the eugenists, probably in entire innocence of what some of the eugenists say. In the course of the same discussion Dean Inge denounced the interference with the capitalist, and said we were killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. What struck me as quaint about the figure of speech was this—it seemed to me that a man who expressed such horror of killing a goose, even in metaphor, might well feel a little horror of certain wild theorists who would come very near to killing a child in reality. If they do not propose to kill children, some at least propose to prevent them being born; and that negation may surely be a tragedy. But this is only one example out of many of the fallacy I mean—that an argument is supposed to become grotesque merely because it comes to grips with its subject. It is sometimes true that to put a theory into plain words is to put it into ugly words. But though the ugly version may be a grotesque, it is not a caricature.

The same criticism applies, for example, to the sweeping proposals for the hygienic control of the commonwealth. When officials undertake "the care of the health of the citizen," or some such phrase, it is only by being left as a vague phrase



THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S V.C. GUARD OF HONOUR: MEMBERS OF BRITAIN'S HIGHEST ORDER OF COURAGE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ABBEY SERVICE ON ARMISTICE DAY, UNDER THE COMMAND OF COLONEL FREYBURG, V.C.—[Photograph by Macklem.]

of pessimism, like the advanced philosophies and realistic novels which they closely resemble. The priests at such a religious service generally wail or moan in a very depressing manner; the mothers of the babies may be imagined as giving some indication of regret; and even the crocodile is proverbially supposed to weep.

But in such a case the fallacy does not only lie in the fact that what sounds very grotesque may really be very grim. It lies also in not seeing that what there is of the grotesque is inherent in the statement that sounds exceedingly grave. When Professor Jones makes that grave statement, the newspaper reports are content to say: "Mr. Brown said he had seen babies thrown to crocodiles (loud laughter)." And many suppose that Mr. Brown merely made a flippant remark to add to the hilarity of the evening, and all went merry as a marriage bell. They do not realise that it is the earnest Jones and not the flippant Brown who is really responsible for the absurd image, by announcing the thesis that all religions are equally tolerable. It is the Professor, so to speak, who has brought forth a crocodile unaware. It is the Professor who embraces crocodiles in embracing a theory that embraces crocodiles. It is he who introduces a crocodile into polite society, in a long procession which includes black goats,

left alive, will soon evolve a super-baby. Or he may say he is concerned for the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and that there is a triumphant majority of babies and a defeated minority of crocodiles. Or he may merely say it is a matter of aesthetic and hedonistic taste; and that he is fond of playing with a baby and not so fond of playing with a crocodile. Nay, it is conceivable, among so many fantastic forms of faith, that he may even maintain that it is murder to kill a baby, and not necessarily murder to kill a crocodile; alleging obscure mythological reasons, into which we need not inquire, concerning the brotherhood of men and the image of God. But it is clear that what the tolerationist does take for granted is the agreement upon practical ethics, however arrived at; and that is not at all the same thing as tolerating the practice of all religions. Yet it is certainly the fact that the series analysis of this serious distinction of ideas will often have all the appearance of being a joke.

In several current controversies this simple truth especially needs our notice. We are not so very far off even the sacrifice of babies—if not to a crocodile, at least to a creed. I have seen versions of eugenics that come very near to infanticide. I had recently a discussion with so distinguished a cleric as the Dean of St. Paul's, in

that it can be saved from being an entirely nonsensical phrase. It is self-evident, to anyone who will consider it even for a moment, that the health of the citizen is being affected for good or ill by every single thing, great or small, that the citizen does, day or night. It is of the very nature of a thing so personal to be a thing exceedingly private. Yet we should probably be thought frivolous, and even fanciful, if we pointed out in plain words the logical consequences of treating that private question as a public question. We should be thought lamentably flippant if we said that a policeman would have to sit by a gentleman's bed to see that he did not snore. But this and various other equally absurd things follow quite rationally from the generalisation laid down; and it is the business of the generaliser to amend his generalisation and make it rational, not to accuse us of ragging him because we have pointed out its irrationality. Generally speaking, indeed, things are supposed to be discussed seriously, simply because they are not discussed at all. They are not stated in terms of the realities into which they would ultimately resolve themselves. It is considered a joke thus to imagine them as practical, as something all the more vulgar for being a practical joke. It is considered the act of a clown, and not of a good citizen, to point out that the smooth path of progress will actually end in a butter-slide.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News" is now on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents, and it may safely be said of it that it is the most artistic and interesting Christmas Number ever produced. Contained in it are many coloured reproductions of famous pictures by Old Masters and by modern painters. The issue is made further interesting by seasonable short stories by such authors as May Wynne, Michael West, Keble Howard, M. L. C. Pickthall; whilst there are also many illustrations in monochrome. The coloured Presentation Plate is a large and very fine reproduction of Gabriel Nicolet's Salon and Royal Academy picture, "Day-dreams." As the issue is likely to be out of print immediately, copies should be obtained at once.

VICTIMS OF "THE MURDER GANG": OFFICERS KILLED IN DUBLIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BENDER AND LEWIS, NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, LAFAYETTE, I.B., PARISIAN STUDIOS (GILLINGHAM), PHOTOPRESS, AND VANDYK.



CAPT. W. F. NEWBERRY, 4TH QUEEN'S
(ROYAL WEST SURREY) REGIMENT.



MAJOR C. M. G. DOWLING,
GRENADIER GUARDS.



CAPTAIN P. McCORMACK,
R.A.V.C.



LIEUTENANT D. L. MACLEAN,
LATE RIFLE BRIGADE.



CADET FRANK GARNISS,



LIEUT. H. ANGLISS, D.C.M.
INNISKILLING FUSILIERS.



LIEUTENANT G. BENNETT,
LATE R.A.



CADET C. A. MORRIS, AUXILIARY
R.I.C.



CAPTAIN LEONARD PRICE, M.C.,
LATE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.



LIEUTENANT A. AMES, LATE
GRENADIER GUARDS.



CAPTAIN G. T. BAGGALLAY (EXTRA
REGIMENTALLY EMPLOYED).

On the day following the Sinn Fein murders in Dublin (on Sunday, November 21), Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, said in the House of Commons: "I hope that this series of cold-blooded and carefully planned atrocities will bring vividly before the House and the public the cruel reality of the Irish situation. We are fighting an organised band of paid assassins, whose plans, recently discovered, include the destruction of life and property in this country as well as in Ireland. . . . Now I shall read the details of, I think, one of the most foul

tragedies in the history of our Empire. There have been 14 deaths and 6 injured, including 1 assassin, and 3 assassins captured red-handed with arms." We have not space here to give the details referred to, even in outline, nor have we been able to obtain portraits of all the murdered officers. The list of killed included also Capt. Fitzgerald, Mr. T. H. Smith, and Mr. L. Wilde. In earlier published accounts Lieut. Angliss was mentioned incorrectly as Lieut. Mahon. We have just heard of the mistake, too late to alter it on pages already gone to press.

SINN FEIN "DIVERSIONS" IN LIVERPOOL: INCENDIARISM AND MURDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A NIGHT OF ARSON IN LIVERPOOL: FIREMEN AT WORK ON THE ROOF OF A BURNING BUILDING.



ONE OF FIFTEEN FIRES STARTED ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY: FIREMEN PLAYING THE HOSE ON A COTTON WAREHOUSE.

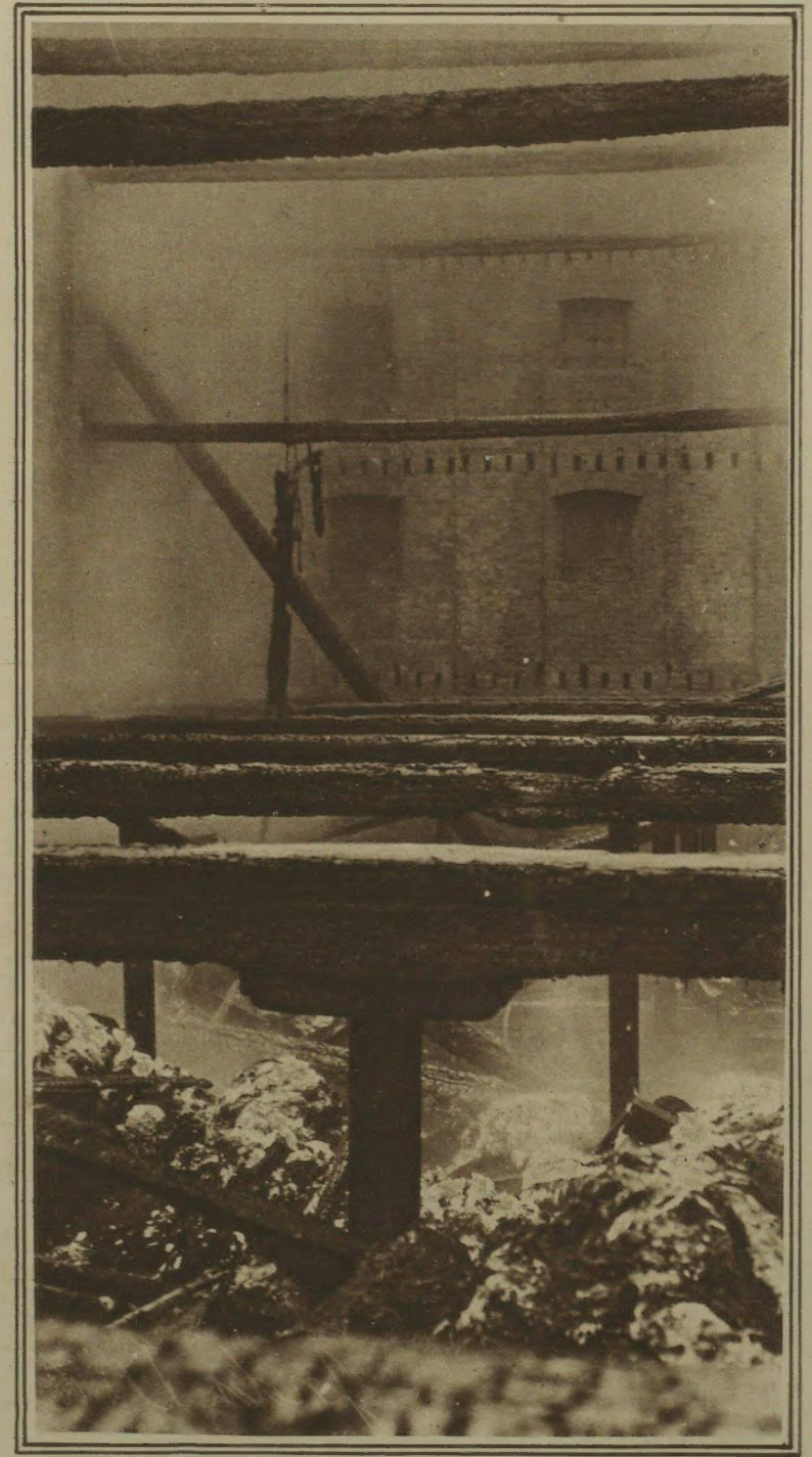


INCENDIARY APPARATUS FOUND BY THE LIVERPOOL POLICE ON THE SCENE OF FIRES: A COLLECTION OF OIL-CONTAINERS AND BOLT-CUTTERS.



THE INCENDIARY ATTACK ON LIVERPOOL COTTON WAREHOUSES: FIREMEN PLAYING ON THE FLAMES FROM A PILE OF BALES.

The Sinn Fein scheme, recently discovered, for paralysing the trade of Liverpool, included a schedule containing the following words: "The diversion suggested is to consist of numerous fires in cotton and other warehouses half an hour before the other operation." Although, through the vigilance of the police, the main outrage was frustrated, the "diversions" were duly carried out. On the night



WHERE DANIEL WARD, A YOUNG DOCK LABOURER, WAS SHOT DEAD BY AN INCENDIARY: A GUTTED WAREHOUSE IN JORDAN STREET.

of Saturday, November 27, numerous fires broke out almost simultaneously in Liverpool and Bootle. At one time there were fifteen all burning together, and the resources of the fire brigades were put to a great strain. The men toiled devotedly all night and succeeded in preventing the complete destruction of great business quarters of the city, such as the incendiaries had evidently intended.

[Continued opposite.]

A SINN FEIN FIRE: COTTON AND TIMBER WORTH MILLIONS BURNT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



ALL-NIGHT WORK FOR THE FIRE BRIGADES OF LIVERPOOL AND BOOTLE, HELPED BY OTHERS: FIGHTING ONE OF THE WAREHOUSE FIRES, IN WHICH ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF COTTON WERE DESTROYED OR DAMAGED.

Continued.

Help came later from the Waterloo, Crosby, Warrington, Birkenhead, and St. Helens brigades. The damage done by the fires in cotton warehouses and timber yards was estimated to run into millions. Each bale of cotton is worth from £25 to £35. There were stored altogether in Liverpool at the time some 800,000 bales. The fires were all found to have been started systematically. Bolts were severed

with powerful cutters, canfuls of paraffin or petrol were poured about, and lighted paper thrown down to ignite the trail of oil. Near the cotton warehouse burnt in Jordan Street, a young dock labourer named Daniel Ward, who had pointed out to the police some suspects and joined in chasing them, was shot dead by one of these men. Another man was arrested with bolt-cutters in his possession.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I FIND it difficult to avoid the "cameleous hump" (Mr. Kipling's name for Dante's *accidie*) when compelled to spend November and December in

London and see every vista of joyous illusion closed by a curtain of "kippered" fog (the epithet was invented by one of the old-time cabbies). There are, it is true, consolatory tasks, even in the dreariest weather: to-day, for example, I put up some nest-boxes in a garden sheltered by Primrose Hill, and before the last had been fixed up, the first was already occupied by a blackbird. . . . But the best plan, after all, is to shut out the sight of the fog-oppressed town, throw an oak log on the fire, and journey with naturalists or sportsmen into countries, near or far, where Man—"Nature's insurgent son"—has not been able to change evolution into revolution for all his fellow-creatures.

It is a far cry to the South American pampas, but "BIRDS OF LA PLATA" (Dent; 37s. 6d. net), by W. H. Hudson, with twenty-two coloured illustrations by H. Gronvold, brings them to the mind's eye—

Shining, sighing to no shore,

with all the charm and mystery of the bird-life that was once so abundant there. This wonderful book is none the less alluring because its observations were previously recorded in "Argentine Ornithology," the limited edition of which was exhausted thirty years ago. The birds which Mr. W. H. Hudson remembers as a child-observer—mocking-birds, humming-birds, cardinals, oven-birds, and so on—are much less numerous than they were in his childhood. The pampas-grass regions are changing, or being swept away, with the progress of agriculture and stock-raising, and the balance of nature has been upset with the usual fatal results to the rarer and more beautiful creatures, such as the mocking-bird. Once the nice adjustments of Nature's *régime* have been suddenly altered, birds are apt to become the deadliest enemies of their own kind. Thus the introduction of the London sparrow in Buenos Aires, whence it has spread over the whole of La Plata, has led to the disappearance of the

and is an everlasting rebuke to the purveyors of cheap, staccato "journalese"—is of the posterity of Gilbert White: to him, as to all true naturalists, nothing remains but dust and wretchedness when the small, bright, harmless spirit of the living creature has departed.

Man, the most shameless of the carnivora, now has an influence over the destinies of bird and beast that ranks with the great secular changes. In "THE INFLUENCE OF MAN ON ANIMAL LIFE IN SCOTLAND" (Cambridge University Press; 28s. net), by James Ritchie, M.A., D.Sc., Assistant-Keeper in the Natural History Department of the Royal Scottish Museum, this tremendous truth is enforced with an amazing wealth of exact knowledge and careful learning. It is impossible even to indicate here the fascinating highways and by-ways of this remarkable book. Let us take one example—the curious fortunes of the Red Squirrel or "Con" mentioned in an ancient Scottish poem—

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare,
The Con, the Cuning, and the Cat.

This creature was once indigenous in the Lowlands, but the demolition of the forests drove its diminishing numbers from one sylvan fortress to another, until, in the first half of the eighteenth century, it could only be found in remote recesses such as the woods of Rothiemurchus, at the base of the Inverness-shire Grampians. But in 1772 the Duchess of Buccleuch added to her menagerie at Dalkeith a few squirrels brought from England, and these hardy and enterprising little creatures escaped to the woodlands, became established there, and so increased in numbers that they were forced to seek new outlets. Mr. Ritchie points out how sport has arrested the decay of indigenous races—even such enemies of the "tame bestial" as the Tod, who has never had in Scotland the social position he enjoys in England. Whatever the sentimentalists may say, it is certain that the fox would be done to death as ruthlessly as the rat and soon become extinct, if fox-hunting were abolished. The study of Mr. Ritchie's learned work (which is never dull for a moment, its author being no mere dry-as-dust) may be cordially commended.

So the sportsman, after all, is not the ruthless enemy of our winged and four-legged subjects the unreasoning sentimentalist would have us believe him. Indeed, sport curiously resembles Nature in that it preserves the type and even improves it, howsoever spendthrift of individual lives—mostly in order to increase the inadequate food supply of this island! Certainly we get no impression of a butcherly person in "NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORT IN SCOTLAND WITH ROD AND GUN" (Blackwood and Sons; 2 guineas net), by Tom Speedy, which has numerous illustrations by Lieut.-Commander J. G. Millais. The author's name is familiar, surely, to all who travel northward for shooting, or fishing, or stalking. Born in that debatable land through which the Tweed flows for the last few miles of its journey to the North Sea (where the boys on one side of the stream cry "Bannockburn" to the boys on the other side, who retaliate with "Flodden"), he has been a sportsman from his childhood, and what he does not know about wild life in Scotland is not worth knowing. He does not claim to be a man of letters, yet his book satisfies Ruskin's implied definition of the literature that really matters: "The greatest thing a human being can do is to see something and tell us what he saw in a plain way." He always adds something of his own to the specialist's knowledge—e.g., to mine of the otter—which is the outcome of forty years of loving-careful observation. Mr.

Speedy has taken part in a winter otter hunt when—
Faithless snaws ilk step betray
Where she hath been—

tracking his subtle and valiant quarry down to its lair in a cairn, which is an experience I never enjoyed—not that I should have enjoyed it, for my sympathy has always been with the otter, incorrigible and indefatigable though he (and even more she) is as an all-round poacher.

Most of us, alas! have to be content with mere games which can never be a sufficing substitute

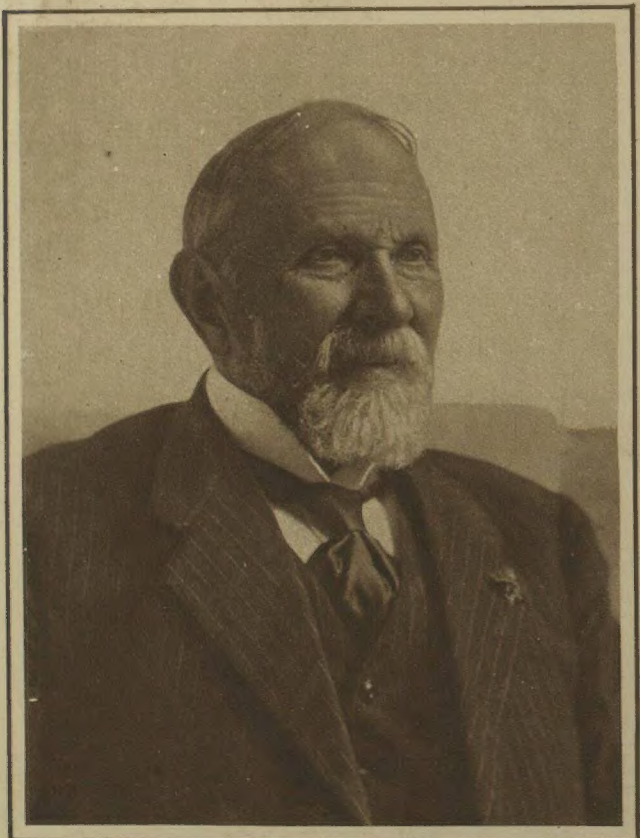


AWARDED THE 1920 NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE:
KNUT HAMSDUN, THE NORWEGIAN NOVELIST.

Knut Hamsun, whose real name is Pedersen, the other being a pseudonym, is a Norwegian writer who attained fame after years of struggle and disappointment. He was born in 1860, and as a boy was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Later he worked as a farm-hand and street-car conductor in America, and spent three years in a Newfoundland fishing-boat. After several early failures, his literary career began with the appearance of his autobiographical novel, "Hunger."

Photograph by Wilse.

for shooting or hunting or fishing, and the large liberties of field and flood they open to the observant spirit. Yet it would be folly to undervalue such a fine, co-operative pastime as Association football, which glorifies the half-holidays of our lusty commons with a spectacle of healthy, harmless, *funera nefunera* that is worth a poem—perhaps Mr. Masfield will make it for us some day? Watch the huge crowd to be seen at Stamford Bridge when Chelsea are playing a Northern side, and you will presently discover that everybody present is actually in the game, body as well as soul—that the evolutions of the players are repeated by the spectators in a shorthand of gesture and movements, which is the outward sign of a deeper and more perfect mimicry of the spirit. It then becomes worth while, even for a superior person, to read "ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL" (Pearson; 1s. 6d. net), by Kenneth R. G. Hunt, who gives you all the practical psychology of the game he has played with such distinction himself. A younger game, which is now played all over the world and has kept itself untainted by professionalism, is as profoundly explained in "HOCKEY" (Methuen; 4s. net), by Eric Green, who also plays as well as he writes. But "THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS" (Methuen; 6s. net), by William T. Tilden, who holds both the American and the All-England Singles Championships, is an even more remarkable revelation of a great athletic personality. Mr. Tilden's brief sketches of contemporary players, both men and women, are admirable, and his deft phrasing and touches of humour make for the belief that, if he let himself go, he might become the Nyren of Lawn-Tennis. He is the most thorough-going sportsman America ever sent to any of our playing-fields, and that is why he confesses that it is not the champions, but the "Dubs," the myriads of bad players, with dead rackets and grubby balls, who have made lawn-tennis the most cosmical of pastimes.



AWARDED THE 1919 NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE:
CARL SPITTELER, THE SWISS POET, WHO DENOUNCED
GERMANY'S VIOLATION OF BELGIUM.

Surprise was caused by the Swedish Academy's recent award (long delayed) of the 1919 Nobel Prize for Literature, to the Swiss poet Carl Spitteler, as it was expected to go to some more eminent man, such as Thomas Hardy or Anatole France. Carl Spitteler, who is seventy-five, is best known by his "Olympischer Frühling" (Olympian Spring), "Prometheus" and "Epimetheus." Though his language is German, he denounced Germany's war policy, and was, in turn, denounced by Germans.—[Photo. Boissonas.]

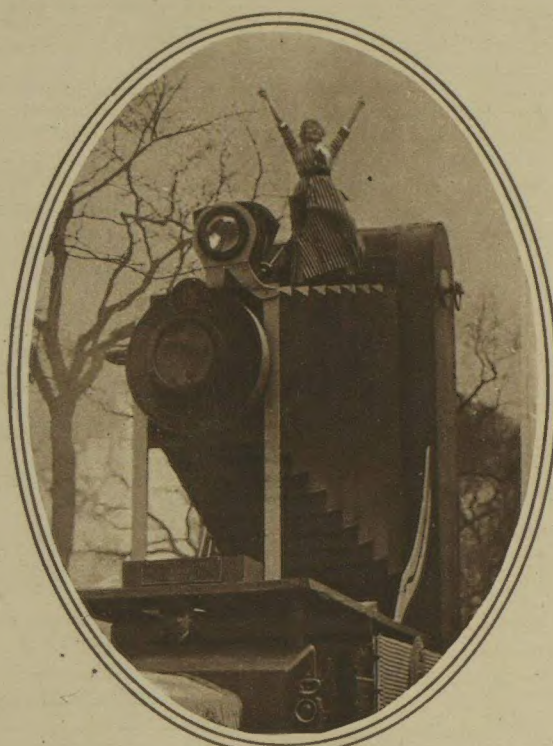
native Yellow House Sparrow, a cheery and engaging little busybody. Mr. Hudson—whose grave, sonorous style has a touch of the Virgilian charm

POSTERS COME TO LIFE: FAMILIAR FIGURES OF THE HOARDINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., I.B., C.N., NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, AND G.P.U.



IN THE PAGEANT OF THE INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING EXHIBITION: EDWARDS' SOUP.



A KODAK "ENLARGEMENT": A GIANT'S POCKET CAMERA.



A PIONEER OF POSTERDOM: A LIVING PEARS' SOAP "BUBBLES."



"LUMME! IT MUST BE A VERITAS": THE WELL-KNOWN POSTER OF VERITAS MANTLES AS A TABLEAU VIVANT.



IN THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHILD IN A POPULAR POSTER: A VIVACIOUS QUARTETTE OF "SILVER SHRED" GIRLS.



A "TYRED" LAOCOON: MICHELIN'S ADVERTISEMENT REPRESENTATIVE RESTING.



WITH ONE OF DEAN'S UNTEARABLE RAG-BOOKS: A LIVING GOLLIWOG.



A REAL LIVE HUMPTY DUMPTY OF POSTERLAND: THE EGALL MAN.

Rain, unfortunately, dimmed the brightness, though it did not damp the spirits, of the living poster pageant which paraded the West End on Saturday, November 27, in order to make known the International Advertising Exhibition, opened at the White City, by Sir Robert Horne, M.P., on the Monday following. The pageant, which was over a mile long, contained many living representatives of well-known posters and display advertisements from periodicals, attired in their familiar

costumes. The procession started inside Hyde Park near the Marble Arch, and went along Bayswater Road to Notting Hill Gate, through Church Street to High Street, Kensington, thence to Hyde Park Corner, and by way of Grosvenor Place and Victoria Street to the Embankment, where it dispersed at the corner of Surrey Street. The pageant was especially popular with children along the route. The exhibits were very picturesque and well-designed.

BARRICADES; ATHOLL HIGHLANDERS; SANDHURST v. "THE SHOP."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



TO HELP THE POLICE IN CASE OF SINN FEIN DISTURBANCES OR OTHER EMERGENCIES: RE-ERECTING THE ARMISTICE DAY BARRICADE AT THE END OF DOWNING STREET.



THE ONLY BRITISH SUBJECT ALLOWED TO RAISE A PRIVATE ARMY: THE DUKE OF ATHOLL (RIGHT) AND HIS ATHOLL HIGHLANDERS.



SANDHURST SUCCUMBS TO "THE SHOP"—THE "VARSITY MATCH" OF MILITARY RUGBY FOOTBALL: THE COMBINED TEAMS OF THE R.M.C., SANDHURST, AND THE R.M.A., WOOLWICH.



ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT BEFORE THE BATTLE: PRINCE HENRY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE SANDHURST TEAM.

In view of possible Sinn Fein or other disturbances, the police have re-erected at the Whitehall end of Downing Street and Charles Street the barricades used on Armistice Day. They are eight feet high, with gates for motor-cars. These barriers are merely to enable the police to deal with any emergency. Neither the Premier nor any other Minister had asked for increased protection.—The Duke of Atholl's private force of Highlanders was recently the subject of a question in the House by Mr. Bottomley. In 1845 Queen Victoria, when staying with the



AN ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATOR OF FOOTBALL: PRINCE HENRY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE WOOLWICH TEAM BEFORE THE MATCH.

then Duke of Atholl, gave him permission to raise and maintain three companies of infantry. The Atholl Highlanders are a fine body of men, numbering about three hundred. They are stationed at Blair Castle.—Prince Henry watched the "Rugger" match between the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich (commonly called "the Shop") at Queen's Club on Nov. 28. Woolwich won an unexpected victory by 2 goals and 1 try (13 points) to 1 goal and 1 try (8 points), after a splendid struggle.



"THE RIGHT TO STRIKE."

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

By ERNEST HUTCHINSON.

ACT III.



ACTS I. AND II. APPEARED IN OUR ISSUES OF NOVEMBER 13 AND 27.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

(One Week elapses between Act II. and Act III.)

The Common-Room at Valleyhead Infirmary.

The room is the same, except that the table before the fireplace has been cleared of magazines and papers, and on it are several sheets of foolscap and some writing materials. It is evident that preparations have been made for a meeting of some sort.

It is again a light autumn morning, though this time a bit later in the day than before.

WALTER DEWHURST, M.P., is seated at the table (centre) making rough notes in a pocket-book. BEN ORMEROD is seated in one of the chairs left of the table, staring moodily before him. There is silence for a few minutes, then enter from the door (left centre) the 2ND MEDICAL STUDENT.

2ND M. S. [Right.] Good morning, Mr. Dewhurst.

DEWHURST. Good morning. [Seated in first chair from right.]

2ND M. S. Can I get anything for you?

DEWHURST. Nothing, thanks very much. I think we've everything we want.

2ND M. S. The others should be here soon.

DEWHURST. At eleven o'clock. It's not that yet.

2ND M. S. Well, I'll pop back. The second convoy's only just getting away.

[Exit MEDICAL STUDENT through door, left. BEN looks after him.]

DEWHURST. [Seated at table, right of it.] You see, Ben, you haven't stopped the motors. Violence never succeeded in this country yet.

BEN. [Left.] It showed we were in earnest.

DEWHURST. It lost us public sympathy and support—the most powerful weapon we've got.

BEN. [To table a little.] The coroner wasn't exactly fair to us. They proved nothing, so he took refuge in slanging the men as a whole. That won't hurt us.

DEWHURST. He hurt us far more than you think, Ben. Don't you realise his speech was published in every paper in the country, and has rallied not only every doctor, but every shade of public opinion against us?

BEN. If we stick together, we'll win through yet.

DEWHURST. Get out of your head that this is still a small local strike only of interest to Valleyhead. It was last week—it's not this week. The doctors' strike, following Eric Miller's death, has been made the battle-cry of everyone who is jealous of the working man and his Union. They represent it as a fight between the community and the working man, instead of between the capitalist and the community. If we're to win, we must gain public sympathy.

BEN. You're a politician nowadays, Walter, and up to all the tricks of the trade. I'm only a working man, but I'm honest and I'm straight. That's why the lads trust me. With or without your public sympathy, I believe in our cause, though I can't put it as well as Mr. Montague. With or without your public sympathy, honest will win in the end, and is worth any sacrifice. I'm staking more on this, Walter, than anyone suspects.

DEWHURST. Ben, I'm a working man too—my whole life has been given up to the men.

BEN. Aye, you've been a good friend to us all, Walter.

DEWHURST. And am still, Ben. You called me a politician. Well, a politician is supposed to have keener eyes and ears than most people; and I tell you, Ben, the biggest question for the country has come to a head here. [Rises.] The spirit of jealousy and mistrust between class and class that has been smouldering for so long has at last burst into flame in Valleyhead.

BEN. Platform stuff, eh, Walter?

DEWHURST. Platform stuff, if you like, Ben, but you've raised a big question, and if things go badly this morning, no one can tell where it may lead us.

BEN. [Still standing.] We're not afraid—we know we're right. [Moves to fire.]

DEWHURST. Other Labour leaders besides myself have been watching it for so long. It's not been our doing, as our enemies accuse us—we see only too clearly the danger to work of our lives and the Unions we have built up in this foolish hothead talk. What burst us is that while we're away in London, learning what you've called the tricks of the trade, we lose the confidence of our mates at home. They see us in Parliament, and some of us in the Cabinet, and they think they're deserted and betrayed. They're not. We're nothing without you behind us. Why won't you

[DEWHURST follows 2ND MEDICAL STUDENT through door, left.]

[Exit DEWHURST up left.]

[Left alone, BEN sinks his head on his hands, and sits in armchair above fire.]

BEN. [Quietly.] Rose—my little Rose child.

[A pause. Enter through door (right) DR. MILLER, JOHN WRIGLEY, and MR. JAMES, the solicitor to the British Medical Association. DR. MILLER is dressed in mourning, and looks ill and much older. JOHN WRIGLEY has got rid of his bandage, but still wears a piece of plaster on his temple. He carries several newspapers. JAMES is a quiet, thin, clean-shaven lawyer of sixty—rather precise in manner. He wears a lounge suit.]

[BEN rises.] Good morning, gentlemen.

[JAMES and JOHN to table.]

JOHN. Good morning, Ormerod. Mr. James, this is Mr. Ormerod, the men's leader. Mr. James is the solicitor to the Medical Association.

BEN. You've got your Union official down, too?

JAMES. I trust with a happy result.

JOHN. Everyone else arrived?

BEN. All except Mr. Fletcher Watson and Mr. Montague.

JOHN. Montague?

BEN. [Shortly.] Aye—he'll sit alongside me, same as you. [Goes towards door, right.] I'll see if he's come. [To door, right.]

MILLER. Ben!

[BEN pauses by the door. Turns back to DOCTOR.]

BEN. Well?

MILLER. Your wife? I trust she's doing all right?

BEN. [Brusquely.] Aye; old Maggie Shuttleworth's attending her. She's doing champion, thank you.

[Exit BEN by door up right.]

DR. MILLER comes and sits in chair at fire-place. WRIGLEY remains right. JAMES is at the top of the table between them.]

[Pause, while MILLER crosses stage to right.]

JAMES. [Still at table.] Is this where we are to meet?

JOHN. [Seated at table, second chair from left.] Yes.

[Opens and looks at one

of the newspapers he carries. DR. MILLER is standing down left.]

JAMES. Dr. Wrigley, may I ask you a straight question?

JOHN. Certainly, Mr. James.

JAMES. Why have you avoided me ever since my arrival? The Medical Association sent me down four days ago—I might as well have stayed in London for all the progress we've made.

JOHN. What progress did you expect to make?

JAMES. That depends entirely on yourself and your colleagues. I have only to point out the very serious position you have chosen to put yourself in.

JOHN. We went into it with our eyes open. We don't regret it. The railwaymen have asked for a fight, and we've hit them—hit them hard with their own weapons, and scored.

JAMES. You are not railwaymen—you're members of an honourable and sacred profession, above the use of such a weapon. It's the betrayal of a great trust that has never before been abused. It is most unreservedly condemned by the whole Medical Council.



DR. WRIGLEY (Charles Kenyon): It's your damned loose thinking and talking that's caused all this trouble.

Left to right: Mr. Lauderdale Maitland; Mr. Leon M. Lion; Mr. Olaf Hytten; Mr. Arthur Phillips; Mr. Charles Kenyon; Mr. Bassett Roe; Mr. Arthur Ewart; Mr. Holman Clark.

trust us? You don't know the temptations some of us have to desert.

BEN. You mean well, I know, but you're so slow.

DEWHURST. There's no royal road to anything worth having.

BEN. [Back to table.] I'm not seeking to go behind your back, Walter—you're our recognised leader—but the men here trust me—and I'm with them every time. The doctors have challenged us to fight—well, we'll fight. No surrender! [Pause.] Rose would never forgive me. [Moves back to fire.]

[Enter 2ND MEDICAL STUDENT through door (left) again.]

2ND M. S. [Comes to above table, left centre.]

Mr. Dewhurst, Sir Roger Pilkington is here and wants to know if he can speak to you.

DEWHURST. Certainly.

2ND M. S. He wants to speak to you privately. DEWHURST. There's nothing Mr. Ormerod can't hear. Still, I'll come, tell him.

[Exit MEDICAL STUDENT up left.]

BEN. [Left, bitterly.] More diplomacy, Walter?

DEWHURST. Ben, you're growing suspicious of your best friends these days.

BEN. Happen—I'm risking so much—so very much to me.

JOHN. It's the only weapon the strikers themselves understand. It may be condemned by the Council in London, but is it condemned by the profession throughout the country? [A pause.] Answer me that?

JAMES. You have secured a certain measure of support, I grant you.

JOHN. [Rises. Showing him the newspaper.] A certain measure of support? Almost unanimous support. There's not a doctor who isn't with us. There's not a decent thinking man or woman in the kingdom who isn't fed up with this perpetual agitation and coercion by small cliques of working men in privileged positions, and who isn't grateful to us that we've had the pluck to stand up to them at last.

JAMES. A doctor should be above civil strife. His patients are helpless.

JOHN. [Up to JAMES at end of table.] Why? We're men and citizens like everybody else. We pay the same taxes and have to turn out in time of war. Did the railwaymen make any distinction between us and the rest of the community because we were doctors, or our patients because they were helpless? No! The community can do without its railwaymen. Let the railwaymen try to do without us.

JAMES. It's my duty to point out to you that you're liable to prosecution, and even to be struck off the Medical Register.

JOHN. You can prosecute me and strike me off if you like. You can't prosecute and proscribe every doctor who supports me. If the railwaymen can find safety in unity, so can we. [Towards MILLER.]

JAMES. Won't you look at it from a higher point of view?

[Pause.]

JOHN. [Up to JAMES.] Mr. James, can I ask you a straight question now?

JAMES. Certainly.

JOHN. Hasn't the Association attempted to blackleg us? To send other doctors into Valleyhead to visit the strikers we refuse to attend?

[MR. JAMES IS SILENT.]

I think we're quits on the higher point of view.

[JOHN turns away and goes to DR. MILLER, who sits in chair above fire down stage, and bends over him.]

JOHN. [Over to DOCTOR.] Tired, Doctor? Look here, why stay for this wrangle—for that's what it's going to be—why not go home?

MILLER. No, John, let me stay. If I'm here I might be able to help somehow, if only I could understand.

[Enter WALTER DEWHURST and SIR ROGER PILKINGTON through door, left centre.]

Also WATSON, K.C., M.P., the Member for the Division—a typical lawyer M.P., clean-shaven, brisk and affable.]

[SIR ROGER goes up left to DR. MILLER and JOHN, whilst DEWHURST brings WATSON centre, and introduces him to MR. JAMES.]

DEWHURST. [Up left centre with WATSON.] Good morning, Mr. James. I want to introduce you to Mr. Watson, the eminent K.C. who represents the Valleyhead Division. Mr. James is the solicitor to the Medical Association.

WATSON. How do you do, Sir? [They shake hands.] This is a peculiar business that brings us together.

[Moves away, right centre.]

[DEWHURST joins SIR ROGER, who leaves DR. MILLER and JOHN; they stand by window, centre.]

JAMES. Most regrettable. You came down last night?

WATSON. Yes. I was busy at the Ministry of Labour all yesterday. I understand the Government invited the assistance of the Medical Association directly the doctors here took action?

JAMES. Yes. Apart from the question of discipline, a very great principle is involved. We are most anxious to avoid any further spread of the trouble or the appearance of a split in the profession.

WATSON. Quite so. I gather that unfortunately—forgive me putting it so plainly—the Council cannot bring the younger members to heel in this dispute?

JAMES. An immediate settlement of some sort is imperative.

WATSON. Our chief obstacles are Mr. Ormerod and Dr. Wrigley?

JAMES. I fear so.

WATSON. Both are rather impatient and suspicious of official authority?

JAMES. And both, unfortunately, with a solid backing behind them.

[They go over right centre. BEN re-enters with MONTAGUE through door, right. DEWHURST leaves SIR ROGER and crosses to them.]

DEWHURST. [Above table.] Good-morning, Mr. Montague. I think we are all here now. Ben, you know everybody—you know Mr. James?

JAMES. [Right.] We have met.

DEWHURST. And, of course, Mr. Fletcher Watson?

BEN. [Right centre.] Aye—I voted for you last election.

WATSON. [Up a little between DEWHURST and BEN.] I trust I haven't disappointed you.

BEN. Well, we've not seen much German brass in Valleyhead yet.

WATSON. [Laughing uneasily.] All in good time—that's coming all right.

BEN. Aye, so's Christmas.

DEWHURST. Well, the sooner we get to work, the sooner we can go home.

[General movement from everybody.]

DEWHURST. Shall we sit down?

[BEN points to MONTAGUE to sit next DEWHURST. BEN gets chair from right. They sit in a semi-circle, the table up centre. BEN sits on the extreme right, next to him MONTAGUE, then DEWHURST, WATSON, JAMES—these two are directly behind the table—SIR ROGER and JOHN. DR. MILLER does not move, but remains in his chair up left. All sit wide of the table, not crowding round it.]

SIR ROGER. [Rises.] Before we begin our talk, Mr. Dewhurst, I understand Ben and yourself are representing the men?

DEWHURST. That is so.

SIR ROGER. Is it necessary, then, for Mr. Montague to be present?

MONTAGUE. [Rises.] Sir!

SIR ROGER. Bearing in mind our last meeting in this room, I think we should have better chance of finding a solution without his assistance.

BEN. [Right centre.] Very well. The whole business is rather unofficial in every way—am I right, Mr. James? So that needn't worry us. Sit down, Mr. Montague.

[Both resume their seats.]

WATSON. [To SIR ROGER, confidentially.] Humour them—humour them!

JOHN. Very well. One moment, please. [Rising and going to door. Shouts.] Donald! Dr. Donald! Will you please join us? [Returning.] If we're to be unofficial we'll go the whole hog. I should like Dr. Donald to be present. [Puts chair for him at end.]

[Enter DR. DONALD through door, left.]

Sit here, please.

[DR. DONALD takes a chair between JOHN and SIR ROGER.]

JAMES. But is Dr. Donald quite au fait with the dispute?

JOHN. [At his chair—grimly.] He is the dispute, along with me and the rest of my colleagues. [Sits in his chair.]

WATSON. [Confidentially to JAMES.] Humour them—humour them!

SIR ROGER. Mr. Dewhurst, I will do you the justice to say you have worked untiringly, both with the directors and the men, to bring about a settlement. To you we owe this meeting. Well, we are here. Our last meeting ended unfortunately—that was not your fault. Have you any fresh proposals to put before us?

DEWHURST. Frankly, no. You will not give the men the advance they ask for?

SIR ROGER. Not till such advance is universal.

DEWHURST. [To BEN.] And you will not resume work and be bound by the award now under consideration?

BEN. No!

DEWHURST. Things are as they were last week.

JOHN. [Rises.] Things are not!

DEWHURST. I don't see—

JOHN. There has been murder since your last meeting.

MONTAGUE. Murder?

JOHN. I repeat—murder!

JAMES. [Rises.] I think you must agree the men carried matters rather beyond what we are accustomed to in England.

[JOHN sits again.]

MONTAGUE. Not what Capital has been accustomed to, perhaps. The working man is quite used to seeing his wife and children killed in these disputes.

BEN. They were warned.

JAMES. [Still standing.] You cannot ignore the fact that a new situation has arisen. A new element

has been introduced—a very unfortunate element—by this counter-strike of the doctors. Speaking for myself, I am far more concerned with the settlement of this counter-strike than with the original dispute.

MONTAGUE. We are quite indifferent as to whether the doctors strike or work.

WATSON. [Rises.] Surely if Dr. Wrigley and his colleagues abandon their position, the men would feel that some effort was being made to meet them?

MONTAGUE. Why? Doctoring's only a fetish. It's a superstition that everybody is brought up to believe in. Doctors aren't half as necessary as they think they are, and even if they were, they haven't got a monopoly of the medicine business. Our men have been without doctors for the past week, and what's the result? They were never better in their lives. Somebody may have cut his

finger, or had a bit of indigestion—well, there are several very excellent unauthorised practitioners in the town, outside your union, who've come to the rescue, and probably made a better job of it than any of you. We can do without doctors and lawyers and clergymen, and all your professional unions. They're parasites—the community's well shut of them. But you can't do without transport, or food, or coal—that's where we score!

SIR ROGER. Do you agree with all this nonsense, Mr. Dewhurst?

DEWHURST. I must admit that, even allowing



SIR ROGER PILKINGTON (Bassett Roe): You're a Bolshevik!

Left to right: Mr. Lauderdale Maitland; Mr. Leon M. Lion; Mr. Olaf Hytten; Mr. Arthur Phillips; Mr. F. B. J. Sharp; Mr. Holman Clark; Mr. Bassett Roe; Mr. Charles Kenyon; Mr. Arthur Ewart.

MONTAGUE. [Pause.] Very well, I have no wish to intrude [Moves up to door] where I'm not wanted. [Rises and makes as if to go, but BEN stops him.]

BEN. Hold on! Mr. Montague may have no official standing, but he's a very good friend of ours. We'll both stay, or we'll both go. Have it which way you will.

WATSON. Well, really, I don't see how he can help us. He can't speak officially.

BEN. [Right centre.] No, but he can speak, and I can't. Are you frightened of his tongue?

SIR ROGER. [Sturdily.] Certainly not!

for a certain amount of exaggeration, Mr. Montague represents a rather general feeling amongst the working classes.

JOHN. Ben, does Mr. Montague get these views from the men, or do the men get them from professional agitators like him?

BEN. He says what we feel, Dr. Wrigley.

JOHN. Thank you; you've answered my question.

WATSON. Come now, let's get down to business—these irrelevant personalities scarcely help us.

MONTAGUE. Pardon me, I consider they help us a good deal. The doctors have chosen this dispute to open a very big question. We are not afraid of it on our side. We'll fight it out.

JOHN. We are content.

JAMES. *[Rises.]* Why "fight it out"? I dislike the suggestion of physical force. Did any good ever come of force?

MONTAGUE. Labour troubles are all fighting. If you dislike it, keep out of them.

JOHN. *[Rises.]* Do you make that possible? At a moment's notice you call an unauthorised strike, against your Union's advice—you torpedo the community without warning, and when the community hits back you turn round and say keep out of it. *[To table.]* It's your damned loose thinking and talking that's caused all this trouble.

MONTAGUE. *[Rises. Up to table.]* It's the damned capitalistic system, you mean!

JOHN. Now we're getting at it.

[Both sit.]

WATSON. *[Rises.]* Yes, yes, yes; it's no good tilting at the whole economic system of the country, Mr. Montague. It's the law of Nature, and a hard law, I admit, but a law even Parliament can't alter for you.

MONTAGUE. That's where you're wrong. You say it's the law of Nature that the few should have everything and the rest of us work for them. We say Nature gave to all men equally—not that one man should be born with a hundred thousand pounds and another with nothing at all.

[WATSON sits.]

JOHN. Then why doesn't Nature start all men equally? Why does she start some blind or with a weak heart?

JAMES. And some idiots?

SIR ROGER. Can't we stick to business? I didn't come here this morning to hear a debate on Socialism. Come, Ben, have you any proposals?

BEN. Hold hard, Sir Roger. I'm thinking Mr. Montague's talking nearer the truth than you think.

SIR ROGER. How?

BEN. Socialism hadn't much to do with us before the war, I grant you, but when we all went soldiering we were promised a lot about a better country and a land fit for heroes when we came home. Some of us have been living on these promises for six years. Now we've come back, we've a sort of notion we'd like to see them come true.

WATSON. *[Rises.]* They will, in time. Parliament hasn't been idle, I assure you. Mr. Dewhurst can tell you that. And Labour—Labour is playing a very big part in reconstruction. *[Sits again.]*

MONTAGUE. The old Parliamentary catchwords—the drug to keep the working man quiet! Reconstruction on constitutional lines! That's where you're wrong. It's reconstruction we want; but it's reconstruction of ideas. Scrap your old shibboleths and start afresh. You must smash up before you can build.

SIR ROGER. In fact, you're a Bolshevik.

MONTAGUE. Yes, if you like, call me a Bolshevik. It won't frighten me, or Ben either. If that's the only way left to us, we'll turn Bolsheviks to-morrow.

JOHN. And shoot down anyone who opposes you?

MONTAGUE. Why not? The end justifies the means. Isn't that your creed?

JOHN. Start Russia in Lancashire. *[Laughs.]*

MONTAGUE. You may joke about it, but every thinking man knows we're nearer to it than you care to admit.

JOHN. And I suppose you'd be a Commissar and lord it over the Lancashire Soviet? That's just where you're wrong. If Lancashire turned Bolshevik to-morrow, the middle classes would run the show—me, and people like me. And the first job we'd have would be to shoot you and your windbag friends as agitators.

[DR. MILLER rises and gets up left a bit.] But don't be alarmed—we shan't turn Bolsheviks.

MONTAGUE. That's for the working man to say.

JOHN. No, it's for us. Because it came off in Russia, where the working man outnumbered the middle classes by a thousand to one, don't, for God's sake, be persuaded you could repeat the experiment here. There'd be the hell of a scrap.

MILLER. John, don't talk like that.

BEN. We don't want any more fighting, any of us.

DONALD. No.

JOHN. You've done your bit, Ben. You and your mates are sound. Eric and I soldiered with you for five years, and, believe me, we know each other better than any of these gentleman from London.

BEN. I stand by my mates.

JOHN. *[Rises and moves to the table.]* Who are your mates? The men who've led you for five years, or the men who are leading you to-day?

JAMES. *[Rises.]* Can't we talk like sensible people, instead of Hyde Park orators?

SIR ROGER. Hear, hear!

[JOHN crosses down and gets to MILLER at five.]

JAMES. You're both young men—the future of the country lies with you. But if this is the way you approach serious controversial matters, I'm sorry for the country. I begin to believe that no one under forty should be allowed any say in the Government—old brains are best.

JOHN. *[Behind his chair.]* And when old brains have landed us in another war, will old brains turn out and win it?

WATSON. Despite Mr. Ormerod's assurance, I don't see that this vague talk is bringing us any nearer the settlement of the Valleyhead dispute.

SIR ROGER. You're right, Mr. Watson. Now, gentlemen, listen to me. You will agree I've listened very patiently to you all. Will you allow me to say a few words?

[There is a chorus of assent. WRIGLEY sits again.]

[Addressing himself to MONTAGUE.] You've said a good many hard things about capitalists, and you've said them in the contemptuous tone of the young man of to-day who has little or no first-hand knowledge of industrial life. You take it for granted the capitalist stands condemned—that he has no friends, and that the working man has only to hold a pistol to his head to get all he wants. You're wrong. That day may come—it has not come yet. The capitalist has still a good deal of kick left in him, and kicks seem to be all that's understood here.

MILLER. That's a hard saying, Sir Roger.

SIR ROGER. I'm a hard man, Doctor Miller, as these gentlemen will find if they're bent on pushing matters to extremes.

BEN. We're not afraid. We're solid.

SIR ROGER. Don't be too sure.

[BEN looks keenly at SIR ROGER.]

Are you listening, Ben?

BEN. Aye.

SIR ROGER. For all your talk of representing the men, I'm not certain that Walter Dewhurst isn't better informed than either of you.

BEN. What do you know, Walter?

DEWHURST. Sir Roger told me just before this meeting that he had received several offers from individual railwaymen to resume work.

MONTAGUE. How many? There might be two or three trying to curry favour with the employers, but that won't affect us.

DEWHURST. I have no opportunity of checking Sir Roger's statement.

MONTAGUE. You needn't bother. I'll answer for the men—we're solid.

SIR ROGER. *[To DEWHURST.]* Mr. Dewhurst, have you yourself received any communication similar to mine?

[Pause. DEWHURST is silent.]

Well?

DEWHURST. Nothing I could take any notice of officially.

SIR ROGER. You see, Mr. Montague, whilst you've been talking, natural laws have been taking their course. You're perhaps not as solid as you thought. Hard facts, Doctor Miller, hard facts alone count in this world.

MILLER. No, no; that's not true; there's something more than that. I've been listening to you all; there's a weak spot somewhere, if only—

BEN. If there's aught in it, you've done us

the best service you could, Sir Roger, in telling us.

MONTAGUE. Exactly. There may be a weak spot somewhere—thank you for pointing it out—we'll mend it. If you think to frighten us with tales of anonymous blacklegs, you're mistaken. It's a very old masters' trick; we've been waiting for you to play it.

BEN. I can answer for the men far better than anyone in this room, and I can tell you this—we're solid—as solid to-day as the day we struck, as solid as we shall be on the day we go back to work on our own terms.

[Enter 2ND MEDICAL STUDENT through door, right.]

2ND M. S. *[Comes down right.]* Excuse me. Mr. Ormerod, you're wanted.

BEN. Me?



MARY MILLER (Marjorie Day): Ben, come at once—it's Rose.

Miss Marjorie Day and Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

2ND M. S. Mrs. Miller has come for you. *[To DR. MILLER.]* Eric's wife—widow.

BEN. Me?

[DEWHURST rises and puts his arm on BEN'S. Enter MARY through door, right. She is dressed entirely in black, with only a wrap over her head. STUDENT moves right a little.]

MARY. Ben, come at once—it's Rose.

BEN. My wife?

MARY. She's badly—very badly—you must come!

BEN. Who's with her?

MARY. Mrs. Shuttleworth. You see, we couldn't get a— *[Gazes round the room, leaving the sentence unfinished.]*

[MONTAGUE claps BEN on the back.]

[Pause.]

MONTAGUE. She's in good hands, Ben; don't be alarmed. Far better hands than if any of those professional gentlemen were with her.

BEN. *[Up right centre.]* I know, I know.

MARY. *[Up right centre.]* Ben, you must come.

BEN. Rose—yes—she's in splendid hands. I'm not afraid—but *[very slowly]* I'd—I'd rather have a doctor. *[Looks at WRIGLEY, who touches DR. DONALD. Looks across at DR. DONALD, who avoids his glance. Turns and goes slowly towards the door, right.]*

[Pause.]

MARY. Come.

[DR. MILLER slowly comes past JOHN, who rises and stops him at end of table.]

[Pause.]

DR. MILLER. Ben!

[BEN stops at the sound of his voice and half turns. JOHN rises as if to detain DR. MILLER.]

JOHN. *[In front of DR. MILLER.]* Remember your son.

MILLER. I know, I know—now I understand!

[Exit MARY, right.]

[DR. MILLER crosses to BEN and they move towards the door (right) as the curtain falls.]

CURTAIN.

HOME OF A WON CAUSE: OXFORD—WHERE WOMEN CAN TAKE DEGREES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WILTON WILLIAMS.



NAMED AFTER A FAMOUS SCOTTISH WOMAN SCIENTIST: SOMERVILLE COLLEGE—A GIRL'S STUDY.



THE FIRST COLLEGE FOR WOMEN FOUNDED IN OXFORD: LADY MARGARET HALL—A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.



FOUNDED IN 1878, AS A HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS, ON CHURCH OF ENGLAND LINES, BUT WITH FULL RELIGIOUS LIBERTY: LADY MARGARET HALL—THE JUNIORS' COMMON ROOM.

Oxford is not wholly the home of lost causes, as she has been called, "breathing from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age." In some matters she is decidedly modern, notably in her recent decision to admit women to degrees, a privilege which Cambridge, despite much controversy, has not yet granted. We illustrated in our issue of Oct. 23 the return of some of the first of Oxford's new women graduates to Somerville College after the historic ceremony in the Sheldonian Theatre on Oct. 14, when the first Oxford degrees awarded to women

were conferred. Cambridge, which first considered the question twenty years ago, is to make a decision on Dec. 8. Two alternative schemes have been proposed—A, granting full admission to women; B, suggesting that the existing women's colleges (Newnham and Girton) should apply for a separate charter. This they decline to do. On Dec. 8 the Cambridge Senate will be asked to vote for or against scheme A. At Oxford the first women's college to be established was Lady Margaret Hall, founded in 1878, and opened in 1879. It is conducted on

[Continued opposite.]

NEW ENCHANTMENTS OF THE MODERN AGE: OXFORD GIRL GRADUATES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WILTON WILLIAMS.



THE RECREATION SIDE OF THE GIRL UNDERGRADUATE'S LIFE AT OXFORD: A HOCKEY MATCH AT LADY MARGARET HALL, WITH THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE GIRL UNDERGRADUATE'S LIFE AT OXFORD: A TEA PARTY IN A STUDENT'S ROOMS AT SOMERVILLE COLLEGE—"A BAND OF YOUTHFUL FRIENDS."

Continued.

Church of England principles, but with full religious liberty for members of other denominations. Somerville College was founded in 1879. It is named after Mrs. Mary Somerville (1780-1872), an eminent Scottish mathematician and physicist, who translated Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste" for Lord Brougham's Library of Useful Knowledge, and wrote several other well-known scientific books. She founded a scholarship at Oxford. The present Heads of Women's Colleges there (according to current reference books) are: Miss H. Jex Blake, Principal

of Lady Margaret Hall; Miss E. Penrose, Principal of Somerville College (the third woman to take "Greats" at Oxford); Miss Eleanor Jourdain, Principal of St. Hugh's College (who was the first woman to take the Final Honour School of Modern History); and Miss W. M. Moberley, Principal of St. Hilda's Hall. There is also a Society of Oxford Home-Students, of which Mrs. A. H. Johnson is Principal. As our drawings show, the girl undergraduate's life is very like that of her masculine contemporary.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

NEW LIGHT ON THE CITY OF AGAMEMNON:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHEOLOGY AT ATHENS. DRAWINGS BY PHYLLIS K. EMMERSON, FROM



SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE CYCLOPEAN WALL, THE CLASSICAL GREEK PATCH, AND THE POSTERN GATE: MYCENAE FROM THE NORTH-EAST.



WHERE A NON-ROYAL GRAVE WAS FOUND RECENTLY UNDER THE FLOOR OF A BUILDING, PROBABLY A GRANARY: BRITISH EXCAVATIONS AT MYCENAE.



DATED TO THE EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY, B.C. BY DISCOVERIES MADE BENEATH THE THRESHOLD BY BRITISH AND GREEK ARCHEOLOGISTS: THE GREAT "TREASURY OF ATREUS" AT MYCENAE, ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

DISCOVERIES BY BRITISH EXCAVATORS AT MYCENÆ.

HER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, AND ETCHINGS OF GREECE. (RIGHTS OF REPRODUCTION RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.)



OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: PART OF A LARGE MYCENÆAN HOUSE BUILT ABOUT 1400 B.C., DISCOVERED BY THE BRITISH EXCAVATORS.



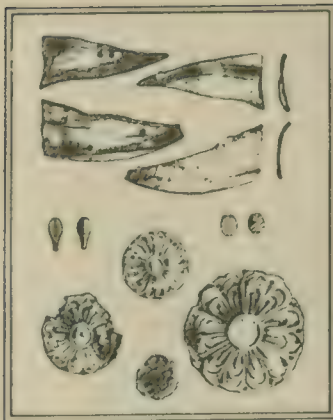
SHOWING THE FAMOUS LION GATE AS A DARK PATCH IN THE LEFT MIDDLE DISTANCE: A GENERAL VIEW OF MYCENÆ FROM THE WEST.



AN "OBJECTIVE" OF THE BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL CAMPAIGN AT MYCENÆ: THE SIX ROYAL GRAVES (ENCLOSED IN A RING OF SLABS RESEMBLING A DRUIDIC CIRCLE) TO INCLUDE WHICH THE CYCLOPEAN WALL OF DEFENCE WAS CURVED.

Mycenae was the city of Atreus, son of Pelops, who gave his name to the Peloponnesus, and of the renowned sons of Atreus—Agamemnon, leader of the Achaean host against Troy, and Menelaos, the husband of Helen, whose abduction by Paris "launched a thousand ships" for the Trojan War. Its majestic ruins form one of the most interesting relics of Greek antiquity. The famous excavations of Schliemann on this site, forty years ago, were not exhaustive, for, as Prof. Hogarth pointed out in our issue of August 7 last: "Once he (Schliemann) had examined all that he believed to be Homeric, he had done with the place." The existence of lower strata of ruins was proved by Prof. Tsountas, who worked there for fourteen years, but it was left for others to dig deeper into their secrets. A new expedition from the British School of Archaeology at Athens is exploring Mycenae more thoroughly, and has already achieved very important results, as described in an article on another page of this number, giving details of the discoveries here illustrated. Their work reveals, says the writer, "that only not was Mycenae already a flourishing city by 2000 B.C., but some centuries earlier, at the very

beginning of the Bronze Age, there was a not inconsiderable settlement there. . . . Evidence is rapidly accumulating which shows that the fortified city of Mycenae was almost entirely replanned and rebuilt about 1400 B.C. The new details of its history derived from the British School's excavations call to our imagination a much more vivid picture of the power, wealth, and ability of the House of Pelops. . . . The dramatic incident of the excavations was the lifting of two of the threshold blocks of the great domed tomb called the Treasury of Atreus. This amazing building, one of the wonders of the world, is built on a gigantic scale. Till the British School examined it this year, all ideas as to its date were purely hypothetical. . . . The fragments of pottery found under the threshold can be dated to the early fourteenth century B.C., and this famous tomb finds at last its place in history as belonging to the same epoch as the Cyclopean Walls and Lion Gate and the rebuilding and replanning of the city." The Greek archaeological authorities gave permission for the threshold blocks to be lifted, and sent Prof. Orlando, with skilled masons, to do the work.



FROM A NEWLY-FOUND GRAVE AT MYCENÆ: SOME OF THE NINETEEN GOLD ROSETTES (ABOVE) THAT WERE IN IT.

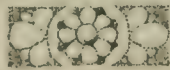
FORTY years ago Schliemann astonished the world with the wonderful treasures he found in the Royal Graves at Mycenæ, and was the first to attempt to interpret the gigantic monuments, the marvellous metal-work, and the fine pottery, which are, so to speak, the hieroglyphic archives of prehistoric Greece. Then for fourteen years Professor Tsountas conducted a series of successful campaigns in the palace, houses, and cemeteries of the royal city, and gave us a nearly complete picture of its life. In later years Sir Arthur Evans's discoveries in the palace of Minos at Knossos in Crete have eclipsed even Schliemann's, and told us the main source of the culture of Mycenæ. Modern archaeological science—for the skilled excavator of to-day is a scientific observer of ruined walls, broken pottery, and the stratification of the debris of past centuries—has made great progress in its methods of analysing the civilisations of antiquity. "The proper study of mankind is man," and with fuller knowledge of past history and a completer analysis of the elements and causes of decay of ancient culture, we can obtain a clearer understanding of modern political and ethnological history. The archaeologist, in short, is the analyst of early civilisation, just as his confrère in chemistry or physics is of gases, and both are apt to express themselves in symbols, H_2O , $M.H.II.$, and so on, which need interpretation and explanation before the man in the street can grasp their meaning.

The new excavations at Mycenæ undertaken by the British School of Archaeology at Athens aim at tracing the causes of the rise, greatness and decline of the wonderful Mycenæan civilisation immortalised by Homer. The campaign was mainly directed to unravelling the history of the Royal Grave Circle, the famous Lion Gate, and the Cyclopean Walls. The six royal graves excavated by Schliemann seem to have formed part of a cemetery that lay on the sloping hillside, just below the earlier town. Later, when the dynasty whose princes were buried there had passed away, and another family, perhaps that of Atreus himself, had established the centre of its dominion at Mycenæ, the massive Cyclopean Wall was thrown round the rocky hill so as to ensure the safety of the central power. Then it was found that the natural line of defence ran through this cemetery; but the royal graves were regarded as sacred because of the semi-divine character of their occupants, and so the wall was made to curve outwards to avoid them. They were enclosed with an elaborate ring of slabs somewhat resembling a Druidic circle, and the ground was levelled so as to make an imposing monument to the dead kings where due honours could still be paid to their shades. Other graves, probably non-royal, were opened, and their contents moved elsewhere, perhaps within the circle: one such grave, built in a style similar to the royal graves, was found this year under the floor of a building between the Grave Circle and the Lion Gate, which seems to have been a granary. Nineteen large gold rosettes give some idea of what might have been found and may still be found. Nor is this all: a careful analysis of the broken potsherds—for with such do our trained archaeologists write history when all other records are lacking—reveals that not only was Mycenæ already a flourishing city by 2000 B.C., but some centuries earlier, at the very beginning of the Bronze Age, there was a not inconsiderable settlement there. To have been able to establish the continuity of the existence of Mycenæ for this long period was rightly described by the *Times* as a great archaeological triumph.

South of the Grave Circle, part of a large Mycenæan house, built not long after 1400 B.C., was uncovered. Four rooms and an entrance porch, which has an outlet for rain-water leading into a main drain running under the house, were cleared, but nothing was found in them except

New Light on the House of Atreus: Mycenæ.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY AT ATHENS. (SEE PRECEDING DOUBLE-PAGE.)



the remains of two large leaden vessels which had stood in one room and had melted in the fire that destroyed the house, and had run over the floor. The stone walls, which still show clearly the positions of the wooden ties to support the superstructure of crude brick, stand even to-day to a height of five feet; and their solid construction, together with the unmistakable traces of a staircase, and plentiful fragments of a flat cemented roof, show that it was an important house, and had at least two floors. On the summit of the



CAN IT BE THAT IN WHICH AGAMEMNON WAS MURDERED? A BATH, WHICH HAD BEEN USED LATER AS A COFFIN, FOUND AT MYCENÆ WHEN THE PALACE WAS EXCAVATED.

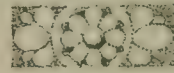
citadel part of the palace—perhaps that to which Agamemnon brought home his bride Clytemnestra—was cleared. This, though badly ruined, was, to judge by its painted walls and floors, its spacious court and halls, its staircases and corridors, an elaborate building resembling the palaces of Crete. Other finds, which space prevents us from describing fully, include a bath used as a coffin at a later date; two deep wells, from one of which a clay sealing and three interesting libation vessels in stone were extracted, two being fragments carved in the shape of bulls' heads; many drains,



THE DRAMATIC INCIDENT OF THE BRITISH EXCAVATIONS: A THRESHOLD BLOCK AT THE TREASURY OF ATREUS LIFTED, AND ITS TWO WEDGES (ON THE RIGHT) REMOVED.

and many early and important fragments of painted plaster showing a bull-baiting scene and a male and female acrobat.

Evidence is rapidly accumulating which shows that the fortified city of Mycenæ, with its massive walls and gates, its palace, streets, houses, and water-works, was almost entirely replanned and rebuilt about 1400 B.C. Homer rightly calls it a well-built and broad-streeted city, and its ruins



FOUND IN A WELL AT MYCENÆ: PART OF A LIBATION VESSEL CARVED AS A BULL'S HEAD, WITH THE HORNS' ATTACHMENTS.

are very impressive; but the new details of its history derived from the British School's excavations, showing that this was a city reconstructed on a vast and well-calculated plan so many centuries ago, call to our imagination a much more vivid picture of the power, wealth, and ability of the house of Pelops. This was one of the sources of Homer's inspiration, and the more we study the Mycenæan remains, the fuller will become our understanding of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

The dramatic incident of the excavations was the lifting of two of the threshold blocks of the great domed tomb called the Treasury of Atreus. This amazing building, one of the wonders of the world, is built on a gigantic scale (for instance, one of the lintel blocks weighs about 120 tons), and so skilfully and solidly that, even after the vicissitudes of 3000 years, it is still practically intact. Till the British School re-examined it, this year, all ideas as to the date when it was built were purely hypothetical. In clearing round the threshold some fragments of gold leaf came to light. The Greek archaeological authorities were appealed to for permission to lift one or two of the blocks in the hope that some relics to date the tomb might be found; and they not only granted the permission, but sent Professor Orlandos with skilled masons to do the work. The threshold consists of two big blocks of breccia wedged tightly across the entrance by two small tapering slabs of soft limestone, and the joints were filled in with yellow clay, which was regularly used by the Mycenæan builders as a cement. The central wedges were loosened and removed, and then the large block of breccia on the south side was lifted. It rested on a bed of stones packed with earth and sunk in a shallow trench cut in the rock, and in the earth were found quantities of gold-leaf, bronze nails with fragments of gold-leaf still adhering to them, a few beads of stone and paste, some fragments of ivory, rotten with damp, and, last but not least, some pieces of painted pottery. It is suggested that when the tomb was built the threshold was one of the last portions to be constructed, and then the builders swept into the hollow, together with the earth to pack the stones on which the breccia blocks are set, rubbish that had fallen on the floor from the decoration of the upper part of the dome and entrance. The gold-leaf, bronze nails, and ivory could easily be waste material damaged by the decorators. Finally, when complete, the stone threshold, as shown by the bronze nails still visible in the blocks, was covered with bronze. Bronze thresholds are mentioned by Homer. The fragments of pottery found under the threshold can be dated to the early fourteenth century B.C., and this famous tomb finds at last its place in history as belonging to the same epoch as the Cyclopean Walls and Lion Gate, and the rebuilding and replanning of the city. It may even be the tomb of the monarch who designed and carried out the reconstruction of Mycenæ.

This is a brief summary of the report laid before the subscribers to the British School at Athens at their annual meeting at Burlington House on October 19, when Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., President of the Board of Education, took the chair, and emphasised the great value of the School's work. It is, indeed, greatly to the credit of the school that, in spite of very slender resources in men and money, its new excavations at Mycenæ have been so fruitful in important

results. An excavation is by no means a picnic: it entails long hours of patient work in a trying climate, and demands not only ample financial backing, but a competent staff of trained observers. All interested in furthering the progress of knowledge of the past in all its aspects—art, history and civilisation—and in advancing British science, should add their support to the British School at Athens. The treasurer is Mr. Vincent Yorke, the Farringdon Works, Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

TREASURES £7,000,000 COULD NOT BUY: A NATIONAL ART HERITAGE.

BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHORITIES OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION.



THE RENOVATION AND REOPENING OF HERTFORD HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION: THE FOUNDER'S ROOM (ALSO CALLED THE OLD BOARD ROOM), CONTAINING FAMILY PORTRAITS.



WHERE THE NEW LIGHT BACKGROUNDS ARE AN ENORMOUS IMPROVEMENT IN SHOWING THE EXHIBITS TO BETTER ADVANTAGE: HERTFORD HOUSE—ROOM XXI., FRENCH SCHOOL, SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

In the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, Manchester Square, the Nation possesses a treasure which is truly priceless. When it was reopened to the public the other day, after alterations, an immense improvement was found to have been made in the display of the exhibits, by replacing the old dark backgrounds with new canvas wall-coverings of a light and pleasant shade, by substituting clear for frosted glass in certain windows, saving space by closing up superfluous doors, and adding three new top-lit galleries on the uppermost floor. Many a picture which once looked dull now reveals its charm in a brighter

setting. Gratitude is due to the Keeper of the Collection, Mr. D. S. MacColl, for the successful results of his efforts. The bulk of this magnificent art collection, it may be recalled, was made by the fourth Marquess of Hertford, and bequeathed by him to his natural son, the late Sir Richard Wallace. His widow left it to the Nation. Lord Hertford had lived chiefly in Paris, and the collection is especially rich in French art. Before the war a valuation put its worth at £3,500,000, and that figure may be held now to have been at least doubled, though, indeed, such a collection is beyond price.

TO A SPANIARD, WHAT CRICKET AND FOOTBALL ARE TO AN ENGLISHMAN: A "CORRIDA DE TOROS."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SENOR M. CERVERA, MADRID; EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A BULL-FIGHT: THE RESCUE OF A FALLEN PICADOR—TOREROS WITH THEIR CLOAKS DISTRACTING THE BULL WHEN ABOUT TO GORE HIM.

Bull-fighting, reminiscent of the Roman arena, is the national sport of Spain, as football and cricket are of this country, and it attracts huge and excited crowds of spectators like a League or County match. This remarkably dramatic photograph, taken in the bull-ring, was recently on exhibition at the London Salon of Photography. The photograph was taken just at the moment when the bull was preparing to gore a Picador who had fallen from his horse in front of him. Behind the bull are seen two Toreros who, by waving their cloaks, distract the animal's attention, and draw him away from the prostrate Picador, who is dragged into safety by the men on the left. When a bull enters the arena, the Picadors, who are mounted, attack him with lances. When a horse is

wounded or throws its rider, the bull is enticed away (as shown here) by the Toreros, who wave their red and yellow cloaks while the Picador escapes. The Toreros seek safety by jumping over the barricades. After the Picadors have retired, the Banderilleros appear, and goad the bull with barbed darts (banderillas). Finally a Matador enters armed with a sword, and carrying a red flag (muleta), with which he lures the bull on. As it rushes at him, he steps aside and kills it with a thrust near the left shoulder. As soon as one bull is killed, a fresh one is brought in. Eight or ten bulls are usually killed in one day, and the bulls kill many horses. If, as sometimes happens, a Matador is fatally gored, another takes his place.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE by-paths of collecting claim earnest votaries who possess special knowledge and are attracted to subjects apart from those accompanied by the grand fanfare of connoisseurship. London, the emporium of the world, offers many sidelights on collecting. At Mr. Stevens's rooms at Covent Garden on November 23, a collection of primitive savage and ancient European and Eastern fire-making appliances, including flint-lock pistol tinder-boxes, was dispersed to the four winds of heaven whence they came. There were fire-making sticks from Queensland and West Australia, from Bheel, from Central India, from Natal, from the Belgian Congo, and from British Columbia. A modern backwoodsman's fire-drill and bow were on identical lines with those of the Eskimo. Tinder-pouches and "chuckmucks," with steels and tweezers and ember tongs, came from Northern China, Persia, and Turkestan, and one from Tibet was silver-mounted and set with corals and turquoises. English, French, and Dutch tinder-boxes, one of the latter inlaid with gold and silver, complete a curious collection sold quietly and unobtrusively in London as an incident noticed only by the *cognoscenti*. There is no city in the world where such a disposal could occur without claiming graver attention. A royal personage at such a show would attract the fashionable world of *dilettanti* in his wake. But no royal personage appears, and so great treasures come and go comparatively unheeded.

Among the books dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby in a three-days' sale which commenced on November 24, there were presentation copies of Byron's "Childe Harold" and "Hours of Idleness." But Byron is somewhat of a spent rocket-stick. A military handbook with notes by Field-Marshal Earl Haig, presented to him by his squadron when a Captain in the 7th Hussars, had an especial interest of its own, and claimed a special public.

Next day Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold engravings, modern etchings, and drawings. Among the engravings, the works of Wouwermans, by J. Moyreau, in one volume, sold for £30; and the "Poacher's Progress," including Poachers setting the snare, Taking a struggling hare, Stalking for partridges, Snaring pheasants, Meeting the keepers, Scuffling with the constables, Before the magistrates, and in prison—aquatinted, by C. Turner and R. Havell, brought £132. It is a record of the Rogue's Progress, and recalls the refrain of the old poaching song: "It's my delight on a shiny night In the season of the year." But for legitimate sport there is a series of "Shooting"—Hare, Partridge, Snipe, Duck, Woodcock, and Pheasant—after Morland, a set of six, in colours, which realised £40. Another pair after Morland, the well-known "Visit to the Country" and the "Visit Returned," by W. Bond and W. Nutter, printed in colours, commanded the usual distinction that connoisseurs and art-lovers accord to works of the kind, and brought £105.

Old Chinese porcelain, the property of Mr. George Robey, was offered by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the same day, and included an Altar Set of apple-green, comprising an oblong koro, pair of square beaker-shaped vases, and pair of square-shaped candlesticks (£37). A set of three K'ang-hsi vases, of hexagonal and quatrefoil shape, were splashed with yellow, green, and aubergine (35 guineas). *Famille verte* was represented by a seated figure of a kylin with ball on pierced base, with emblems and branches on green and yellow grounds (11 guineas).

Messrs. Sotheby sold, on December 1, some valuable embroideries and tapestries. A bizarre lot was that of the Hawaiian chief's ceremonial cloak and collar composed of feathers in a red design on a yellow ground: this was the

property of Baroness Zouche of Haryngworth. The property of a nobleman included a pair of fine yellow silk Chinese curtains and a Turkish embroidered prayer-carpet of silk used by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, 1805 to 1849, and given by Nubar Pasha to the present owner. Some romantic Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots items come straight from the days of her imprisonment at Lochleven Castle. Here are certain of the tapestries left by the Queen on her flight in 1568. They were removed

some time on exhibition at the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. They consist of embroidered bed-hangings—four curtains and six valances of crimson cloth, with a pattern *appliqué* in black velvet, and worked in yellow silk and gold thread; a coverlet of yellow silk; and other curtains of yellow linen and of silk. Another coverlet of white satin, quilted, with a border containing decorative aster-like flowers, has a history. The love romance of Mary runs like a blood-red thread through Scottish history of the period. Her hatred of her lover Darnley changed to sudden affection. At the ruinous house, Kirk o' Field, he was lodged by her order. She visited him here and, kissing him, rode gaily to a wedding-dance at Holyrood. Two hours after midnight an awful explosion shook the city, the house of Kirk o' Field was destroyed, and Darnley's dead body was beside the ruins. It is a tradition that this coverlet was removed by Mary on February 9, 1567, just before the blowing up of the building, and that it was the only thing saved from the house. It may be so. But we cannot picture the Queen effecting salvage before the event.

Remarkable and unique are the two items in a sale apart under Messrs. Sotheby's hands on December 7. If antiquity goes for aught, they date just eighteen hundred and fifteen years ago, and represent the earliest trophies belonging to the military history of Britain—and these are associated with a woman.

A Roman military standard of the Ninth Legion, of yellow bronze, with four bronze wreaths of laurel leaves and berries, and practically dated by a portrait of the Emperor Nero in a medallion, dug up in Essex in 1827, together with the camp-chair of a Roman general, of wrought iron, but covered with silver and an alloy of gold and bronze, with the original hinge-rivets in working order, are to be sold, the property of Mr. Ernest John Seltman. The standard has its iron spike corroded, but the rest is finely preserved, and has the rich patina beloved by collectors. The general's camp-chair when folded up is only two feet, and it is thus more compact than its modern successor, as is the Roman lady's safety-pin neater than its modern replica.

Colchester, one of the great Roman military centres, was destroyed by Queen Boadicea, the British Queen of the Iceni. Tacitus records this disaster in his "Annals." The town was attacked and its Roman inhabitants massacred. The Ninth Legion, on the way to relieve Colchester, was met and annihilated. Here are the remains of that glorious victory. The battle cry of Boadicea has echoed adown the ages to inspire our poets—

Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian!
Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd,
Catieuchlanian, Trinobant,
These have told us all their anger in
miraculous utterances,
Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur
heard aerially,
Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of
an enemy massacred,
Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom
bodies of horses and men;
Then a phantom colony smouldered on the
refluent estuary.

And the wild prophecy of Boadicea, as Tennyson imagined it, came true: on the estuary there ensued the terrible massacre of the Roman invader; and here are the relics of the vanquished Ninth Legion turned up from the soil as evidence in the twentieth century; and the monument by Adrian Jones of Queen Boadicea stands by the side of the same Thames at Westminster Bridge, a bow-shot from the Cenotaph, to remind all who care to receive the message that there was pride of race and brave sacrifice of sovereign woman nearly two thousand years ago.



BOADICEA'S DESTRUCTION OF THE NINTH LEGION NEAR COLCHESTER: A ROMAN STANDARD—THE ONLY COMPLETE ONE EXISTANT—SHORTLY COMING INTO THE SALE-ROOM.

The Roman standard and general's camp chair here illustrated were found in Essex. They are dated by a portrait of Nero on the other side of the medallion in the standard, and were probably lost in the only Roman disaster in Britain during his reign—the destruction by Boadicea of the Ninth Legion under Petilius Cerealis, on its way to relieve Colchester, which she had sacked. The chair is an official *sella castrensis*, of iron overlaid with silver and an alloy of gold and bronze. Both are unique examples, and the oldest of British military trophies. They belong to Mr. E. J. Seltman, and will be sold at Sotheby's on December 7.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



ONE OF THE TWO OLDEST BRITISH MILITARY TROPHIES: A ROMAN GENERAL'S CAMP CHAIR (*SELLA CASTRENSIS*) PROBABLY CAPTURED BY BOADICEA—A UNIQUE SPECIMEN.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

to Kinross, and came into the hands of Sir William Bruce, who bought that estate. From 1777 they have remained in the same family, and are offered for sale by Sir Charles Bruce, having been for

DUBLIN MOURNS THE MURDERED OFFICERS: A GRIM PROCESSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND C.N.



MILITARY HONOURS IN DUBLIN FOR THE OFFICERS MURDERED THERE BY SINN FEINERS: BROTHER OFFICERS IN THE PROCESSION.



REUNION IN MOURNING: CHAPLAINS OF THE 5TH IRISH ARMY, OF DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS, IN THE PROCESSION.



PUBLIC SYMPATHY FOR THE MURDERED OFFICERS IN DUBLIN: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM KING GEORGE V. HOSPITAL TO THE NORTH WALL—CROWDS WATCHING THE GUN-CARRIAGES CROSSING THE O'CONNELL BRIDGE.

The bodies of the officers murdered in Dublin on Sunday, November 21, were borne in procession through the city on the 25th, from King George V. Hospital to the North Wall. The coffins were draped in the Union Jack and placed on gun-carriages. Soon after 10.30 a.m. the cortege crossed the O'Connell Bridge over the Liffey. The crowds were quiet, and places of business on the route had been closed. Along the quays the lines were kept by the Dublin Metropolitan

Police, and patrolled by auxiliary constabulary in motor-lorries, with here and there armoured cars, one of which headed the procession. At the North Wall the coffins of nine of the murdered officers, together with those of three policemen and another officer, were embarked in the destroyer "Seawolf" for Holyhead, where she arrived about 4.30 p.m. The guard of honour consisted of the ship's crew, members of the R.I.C. and Auxiliary Cadets, and some men of the Wiltshires.

THE HOME-COMING OF MARTYRED DUBLIN OFFICERS: LONDON'S TRIBUTE TO VICTIMS OF SINN FEIN MURDERERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., C.N., PHOTOPRESS,

L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SECTION OF THE PROCESSION: THE ARRIVAL AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, WHERE THREE COFFINS WERE TAKEN FOR A REQUIEM MASS.



A PATHETIC REMINDER OF THE SUFFERINGS MOURNERS FOLLOWING ONE OF



OF THE MURDERED OFFICERS' WOMENFOLK: THE COFFINS IN THE PROCESSION.



A DEAD OFFICER'S FIANCEE SPRINKLING HOLY WATER ON HIS COFFIN IN THE GRAVE: THE BURIAL OF LIEUT. AMES AT KENSAL GREEN.



WEARING HER DEAD BROTHER'S MILITARY CROSS: MISS PRICE, SISTER OF CAPT. LEONARD PRICE, M.C., FOLLOWING HIS COFFIN.



FOLLOWED BY MEN OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY ONE OF THE COFFINS



AND WITH TWO R.I.C. AUXILIARY CADETS BESIDE IT: ON ITS GUN-CARRIAGE.



THE ARRIVAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: ONE OF THE SIX COFFINS THAT WERE TAKEN THITHER BEING CARRIED IN.

Nine of the fourteen officers who were cruelly murdered, some before the eyes of their wives, by gangs of Sinn Feiners in Dublin, received the tribute of a public funeral in London on November 26. The relatives of the others had preferred to bury their dead privately. The nine coffins, covered with Union Jacks, were brought from Ireland in the destroyer "Seawolf" to Holyhead, and thence by train to Euston. There they were placed on gun-carriages and borne in procession, with a large escort of cavalry and infantry, mostly detachments of the Guards, and followed by many mourners. Among the forces represented were the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Auxiliary R.I.C., the "Black and Tans." The first part of the procession, with the bodies of three Roman Catholic officers—Lieuts. Mahon, A. Ames, and G. Bennett—went on to Westminster

Cathedral, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated. The remainder went to Westminster Abbey, where a memorial service was held over the bodies of Capt. G. T. Baggallay, Capt. W. F. Newberry, Major C. M. G. Dowling, Capt. L. Price, M.C., Cadet C. A. Morris, and Cadet F. Garniss. In the Abbey the King was represented by Gen. Lord Horne, and among those present were Field-Marshal Lord Methuen and Sir Henry Wilson. The second coffin was followed by the Prime Minister and Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland. When the two services were over, the coffins were borne away for private burial at different places, a great concourse of people reverently saluting them as they left the Abbey and the Cathedral.

HONOURED IN CATHEDRAL, AS IN ABBEY: THE REQUIEM MASS.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.



IN HONOUR OF THREE OF THE MARTYRED DUBLIN OFFICERS WHO WERE ROMAN CATHOLICS: THE SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS
IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL AFTER THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ON NOVEMBER 26.

In the funeral procession through London of nine of the fourteen young officers who fell victims to Sinn Fein fury, in the Dublin murders on Sunday, November 21, were the bodies of three who had been members of the Roman Catholic Church. They were Lieut. A. Ames, late Grenadier Guards, Lieut. G. Bennett, late R.A., and Lieut. Mahon. While the other six coffins in the procession were taken to Westminster Abbey, these three were brought to Westminster Cathedral, where a solemn Requiem Mass was held, Cardinal Bourne officiating. Among the con-

gregation were Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, representing the Government. Our drawing shows the coffins, each covered with the Union Jack, before the High Altar. Around them stood men of the Coldstream Guards, with heads bowed over their reversed rifles. With poignant significance came the words in the Epistle: "That you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope"; and those in the Gospel: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

HARRODS

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Harrods will gladly advise or estimate upon

PANELLING	CHIMNEYPICES	ELECTRIC FITTINGS
MARBLEWORK	STONWORK	PLASTERWORK
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PARQUETRY FLOORING		BATHROOM EQUIPMENT
STAINED GLASS	TAPESTRIES	WALL HANGINGS
WOOD & STONE CARVING		DECORATIVE IRONWORK
DESIGN AND ERECTION	OF GREENHOUSES, GARAGES	
CONSERVATORIES	PLANNING OF GARDENS, ETC.	

Everything appertaining to the Home

Harrods Ltd

London S.W. 1



LADIES' NEWS.

THE visit of the King and Queen of Denmark to our King and Queen at Buckingham Palace is of a private nature. It will be remembered that their Majesties were here on a State visit in the early part of the fateful year 1914. There was a State Banquet and a Gala night at the Opera in their honour, but the festive side of their visit was clouded by the death of the Duke of Argyll, the King's uncle by marriage. King Christian is a very tall man, well over 6 ft.—I think he is 6 ft. 3½ in.—and is more like Queen Alexandra's father than any of his grandsons. Queen Alexandrine is on her mother's side Russian: the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia was well known at Cannes as a clever and enthusiastic tennis-player. Her son married a niece and godchild of Queen Alexandra, Princess Alexandra of Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Brunswick-Lunebourg. Queen Alexandrine of Denmark's only sister had the misfortune to marry the man who was Crown Prince of Prussia. There are two sons of the King and Queen of Denmark: Prince Frederick, the elder, was twenty-one in March last; Prince Knud was twenty in July. King Christian is a very accessible, democratic, and sensible man. He is devoted to Denmark, and strives to improve the position of his people and country always. He was here for the celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday, but arrived too late for that of his sister-in-law, Queen Maud of Norway.

There has been a great epidemic of philanthropic sales recently for all sorts of good causes. Princess Christian, Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Beatrice all opened and presided at such functions last week. I noticed that prices ruled quite moderately at all of them—in many instances for woollen knitted garments quite astonishingly so. Royal ladies, I find, not only sell on these occasions; they also buy—in most cases comfortable garments to serve as presents for humble neighbours or employees. Princess Christian has always been the guiding spirit and the devoted friend of the Royal School of Art Needlework, which she started. Princess Marie Louise was helping her there at the Christmas Presents Sale; and so was the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, looking very well in black chiffon velvet and wearing a neat little black hat. The Duchess of Wellington was selling too, and bemoaning the fact that neither of her daughters could help her this year. The Marchioness of Winchester was doing good business; and so was Lady Alexander—as good a saleswoman as she is a programme-seller. Blanche Lady Rosslyn was buying, and it was difficult to

believe her an octogenarian, so smart, business-like, and energetic was she. What I thought a good idea was making handsome silk markers for regimental



THE ELEGANCE OF SIMPLICITY.

A gown of black velvet—the creation of Viola—is buttoned up to the throat. The sash is of burnt-orange silk, with a many-coloured fringe, and embroidered in gold, copper, green, peacock, jade, cerise, and black.—[Photograph by Topical.]

record books, with the different badges beautifully embroidered on the colours. There are always things at the School one sees nowhere else.

A great success is prophesied for the Christmas Fair at the Albert Hall in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes on Dec. 15 and 16. Princess Mary will be there to receive purses from members of the Young Helpers League on the first day at 3 p.m. Who will open the Fair I do not yet know, but I hope, and believe, a very august personage. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone is President, and has not been content to let that be an honorary position, but has worked hard and made many excellent suggestions. One is, that prices shall be moderate; another, that the stalls shall be furnished with free gifts—the latter rendering the former possible. It would be easier to say of our celebrated ladies who is *not* than who is helping. What is wanted to secure the success so eagerly anticipated for this splendid cause is an army of buyers. I fancy they will join up all right. The Hon. Organiser, to whom all communications should be addressed, is Miss Margaret Baxter, Room 27, Marshall and Snelgrove's.

Out of the horror of the cold-blooded, cowardly, and atrocious murder of officers in Dublin arises, for our sex, one ray of brightness in the heroism and spirit of self-sacrifice shown by women concerned—by the wives of the poor murdered men, by a servant who called for help. In the war we learnt to know that women can face death as bravely as men. Then they were prepared and worked up by patriotic enthusiasm. In Dublin their call to act was so sudden, yet they showed up grandly against five and ten to one cold-blooded, dastardly assassins, who were quite pleased to shoot men standing with their backs to them, and who would not have had a moment's hesitation in shooting the women, too, had time allowed.

Mrs. Clare Sheridan has had a superb advertisement out of her trip to Russia to "sculpt" the heads of the autocrats over all the Russians, Lenin and Trotsky. The lady sculptor is a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill and of Mr. Shane Leslie. Her husband was a son of Mr. T. Algernon Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Dorset, a descendant of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. A. E. L.

The London Brighton and South Coast Railway services to and from all parts of the Continent, *via* Newhaven and Dieppe, are now running regularly, from London (Victoria Station) or Paris (St. Lazare), at 10.0 a.m. every week-day and Sunday. The Channel services are maintained by the fine turbine steamers *Paris*, *Rouen*, *Newhaven*, *Dieppe*, and *Brighton*, which make the journey in about 3½ hours. Through fares and baggage rates are in operation between London and the chief holiday centres in Switzerland.

Glorious Babyhood

Here are two glorious children who have been brought up on Mellin's Food. Their Mother says: "I have found it invaluable from the first symptoms of teething until the last tooth is cut. Even after babyhood, during any childish ailment or indisposition, we fall back on Mellin's Food. I would not, indeed, I could not, do without it. These bonny boys enjoy perfect health, have splendid spirits and are very strong."

Mellin's Food

when combined as directed with cow's milk is a perfect substitute for Mother's milk; the letter says: "I have found the secret of successful baby culture is a good digestion—and the secret of a good digestion is Mellin's Food, especially during teething."

SAMPLES POSTAGE FREE—Mellin's Food on receipt of 6d. stamps; Mellin's Food Biscuits on receipt of 6d. stamps. A valuable handbook for mothers will be sent free of all cost.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.15



Mellin's Food Babies

USEFUL XMAS PRESENTS**WILKINSON SWORD-STEEL AND SAFETY SHAVERS RAZORS****WILKINSON NEW MODEL
SAFETY SHAVER****PRICE 30/-**

Set complete in neat leather case with SEVEN SOLID BLADES, etched with days of week; and stropping handle.

Silver-plated .. 30/-
Gold-plated .. 50/-

EDGE-RETAINING SOLID BLADES**NOT****THE "USE AND THROW AWAY" KIND****RAZORS**

WILKINSON "SPECIAL" RAZOR 11 6
2 Razors in leather case £1 9 6
3 " " " " " " £2 5 0
4 " " " " " " £2 17 6
Ivory handles 4/6 per razor extra.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

CASES OF 7 RAZORS (Etched with days of the week).

"Special" black handles .. £4 15 0
.. ivory handles .. £6 6 0

**WILKINSON NEW MODEL
SAFETY SHAVER**

Complete with Automatic Stropping Machine.

PRICE 45/-

Silver-plated .. 45/-
Gold-plated .. 70/-

**THE INITIAL COST
THE ONLY COST.**

The WILKINSON SWORD Co., Ltd., 53, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Managing Director: T. H. RANDOLPH.

Gun, Sword and Equipment Makers.

Razor Manufacturers.

Works: ACTON, W.



To avoid Sore Throat in crowded, stuffy places, Take FORMAMINT Tablets

WHEN you are sitting in a hot, vitiated atmosphere—with a draught chilling your spine and people coughing and sneezing all round you—you are almost certain to catch a Sore Throat, Cold, or Influenza unless you protect yourself by taking Formamint Tablets.

Sucking Formamint tablets, you can hardly realise that you are disinfecting your mouth and throat with one of the most powerful germicides known to Science. All you are aware of is a faintly acidulated sweetness, cleansing and moistening the membranes, allaying thirst, refreshing the vocal organs, and purifying the breath without scenting it.

Yet these dainty, white tablets, so innocently tempting to the palate, so harmless that even children and infants can take them freely—have

for years past been used by doctors to destroy the most harmful bacteria that menace human life.

Look, for example, at the above micro-photographs of actual experiments made by a leading scientist. Fig. 1 shows virulent Diphtheria germs as they grow in the throat, Fig. 2 their rapid decrease after one Formamint tablet, Fig. 3 their total extinction after three Formamint tablets.

On the weaker micro-organisms which cause common Sore Throats, etc., Formamint's action is still more swift and deadly. Hence, people who

use it regularly have the same experience as Lady Ratcliffe-Ellis, who writes:

"Owing to taking Formamint Tablets Lady Ratcliffe-Ellis has not had a Cold or Sore Throat once this winter."

Why not avoid these troublesome ailments by adopting the Formamint-habit at once? Buy a bottle at your chemist's to-day—price 2s. 9d.—but be sure you get the genuine, original Formamint bearing the red-and-gold seal of Genatosan, Ltd.

GENATOSAN LTD.

(Makers of SANATOGEN & GENASPRIN)
12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1

Christmas in the Shops.

A HAPPY hunting ground for always-welcomed gifts are the famous establishments of Mappin and Webb's, either at 158, Oxford Street, 2, Queen Victoria Street, or 172, Regent Street. With a world-wide reputation for beautiful and practical fitted bags, they are, as ever, in the van of fashion with them. It is found that those fitted with ivory and with tortoiseshell are in favour. These are remarkably handsome. Silver, gold, and enamelled fittings in several beautiful designs are also available at these celebrated shops. Motor companions for men and women are a speciality, and are delightful gifts which can be ordered to match a car, the fittings in enamel to go with the case. Date-cases in ivory and silver are very dainty. A tête-à-tête coffee set, consisting of two beautiful china cups and saucers, a silver tray, pot, sugar-basin, cream-jug, and spoons, is a really lovely thing.

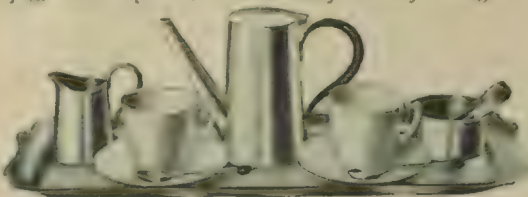


A GIFT FOR A MOTORIST.
(Mappin and Webb.)

ably handsome. Silver, gold, and enamelled fittings in several beautiful designs are also available at these celebrated shops. Motor companions for men and women are a speciality, and are delightful gifts which can be ordered to match a car, the fittings in enamel to go with the case. Date-cases in ivory and silver are very dainty. A tête-à-tête coffee set, consisting of two beautiful china cups and saucers, a silver tray, pot, sugar-basin, cream-jug, and spoons, is a really lovely thing.



WHAT A LADY LIKES.
(Mappin and Webb.)



COFFEE FOR TWO.—(Mappin and Webb.)

Christmas is, as usual, well prepared for at the well-known establishment of S. Smith and Son, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C. There is a large and varied stock of beautiful



A SMART BROOCH.—(S. Smith and Son.)

pieces of jewellery to choose from, a speciality being a range of pearl necklets varying in price from £100 to £5000, and of exceptionally good value, this firm being able to give their customers the advantage of having bought before the present rise in prices. The watches purchased at this house have a fine reputation all over the world. For a lady, one on an expanding bracelet; for a man a real good timekeeper, either wristlet or pocket, makes a splendid present. In silver and gold cigar and cigarette cases for men as for ladies, this firm are specially rich, and in all things for the pocket there is wide choice.

Worthy of the high favour in which they are held, there is always special charm in a Christmas gift of one of the many Zenobia floral perfumes, which smell exactly like the sweetest breath of the flowers from which they are distilled. Zenobia Sweet-Pea is the original perfume of that name; Zenobia Lily-of-the-Valley is particularly delicious; Night-scented Stock is full of haunting charm. Whatever odour is a favourite, Zenobia concentrates and catches it exactly. The prices are 3s., 5s., and 7s. 6d. a bottle, and all stores, chemists, and perfumers have it.

Few things are so keenly appreciated by Britishers as really pleasant and highly efficient toilet preparations. For many long years Pears' Soap has been known as the best friend that the British complexion possesses. Now Pears' Golden Series has become such a favourite that no gift at Christmas will be more appreciated than the splendid toilet-cream, powder, perfume, dental paste, shaving-stick, solid brilliantine, and lip-salve put up in the well-known gold containers, the

contents of which are certainly as good as gold. They are suitable presents for either men or women. Not only are they singularly good for the purposes which they serve, but they are put up so as to look well on the dressing-table or in the bath-room, which is a great consideration.



A SIGNET GIFT.
(Chas. Packer and Co.)

The old-established house of Charles Packer and Co., 76-78, Regent Street, is a favourite place for those in the know to find most acceptable useful and delightful Christmas presents. Most convenient is a novel-shaped flat silver match-box, fitting easily into a waistcoat pocket or into a woman's bag, and costing only 22s. 6d., or, in gold, £5 15s. Also there is a flat gold watch, with a silver dial and second hand, a reliable and handsome gift for a man, costing £25. Very pretty, and for the modest sum of three guineas, is a white heather brooch, the heather bells simulated in pearls, the brooch gold. A present for the one man or one woman is a gold cigarette box, beautifully engineered, with bevelled edge and Greek key pattern border; the price is £83 15s.; the size, 7½ in. by 3½ in. Very neat is a diamond-leaf and pearl berry circular brooch at £9 15s. There is also a large selection of coloured gem brooches mounted with pearls or diamonds at very moderate prices; also an 18-carat gold signet ring for £3 15s. There is a new catalogue, in which numbers of Christmas gifts are illustrated, which will be sent post free on application to the firm.



A COMPACT MATCH-BOX.
(Charles Packer and Co.)

(Continued overleaf.)

GROSSMITH'S Shem-el-Nessim ^{REGD}

The Scent of Araby.

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT will be warmly welcomed and long remain a fragrant reminder of the giver if it is Shem-el-Nessim, a perfume richly oriental in character and supremely delightful and refreshing.

5/3, 10/6, 21/-, 33/- and 63/- per Bottle.

SHEM-EL-NESSIM FACE POWDER

This delicately perfumed face powder, adherent and unobtrusive, will keep the complexion exquisitely cool and fresh during the Season's festivities.

10d. & 1/6 per Box. Powder Leaf Books, 7½d. each.

A perfectly harmonious toilet is assured by using also

Shem-el-Nessim Toilet Soap, 1/- and 1/9 per tablet; Toilet Cream, 1/3;
Dental Cream, 1/4; Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3;
Hair Lotion, 10/-; Toilet Water, 8/6; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each;
Brilliantine (liquid), 2/6; (solid), 1/4; Talcum Powder, 1/4;
Sachets, 9d.; Cachous, 6½d.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Perfumery, and from the Sole Proprietors:

J. GROSSMITH & SON LTD

Distillers of Perfumes & Fine
Soap Makers
NEWGATE STREET,
LONDON.

*The end of a
Tiring Day—*



THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

THE finest mental tonic to counteract the strain of one's daily routine, is to listen to fine music, quietly and comfortably.

For this purpose the SONORA GRAMOPHONE has no equal in the world.

The genius of the greatest composers, the wonderful technique of the world's master instrumentalists and vocalists, are reproduced with all their original beauty of tone by the SONORA.

Obtainable in 31 exquisite models for table or floor, all incorporating the "all-brass" tone arm, and $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch solid seasoned wood, perfectly finished on every side, which have made the SONORA the highest grade gramophone in the world.

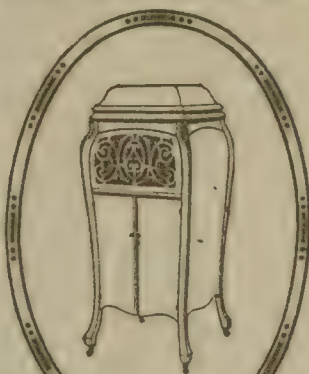
Call at any high-class dealer and judge for yourself the infinite superiority of the SONORA GRAMOPHONE.

Point of Interest.—Be sure you use the SONORA Semi-permanent Silvered Needles to extract the utmost beauty of tone.

FREE SAMPLE SENT ON REQUEST.

For the address of your nearest dealer apply:—

KEITH PROWSE & CO., LTD.,
162, New Bond Street, W., and 48, Cheapside, E.C.



*—and the Beginning
of a Perfect Evening*



Art, Mystery—all but Magic.

THE fine Turkish tobaccos are mysterious enough. Crops of adjacent districts have entirely different characteristics. Of the same fine plant, even, the leaves have a different character according to their position. The blender's

art is to use his knowledge of these differences to effect such a balance of flavours as to give an entirely palatable result of quite definite (and here's the mystery akin to magic!) repeatable flavour. We maintain the fine quality of

MATINÉE
Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by **A L L A N R A M S A Y**

Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

Ready for all visitors, with thousands of beautiful things to choose from, at all sorts of prices, and in every case offering excellent value for sums expended, it is little wonder that J. C. Vickery's splendidly equipped establishment at 177-183, Regent Street is a Mecca for Christmas present-seekers. The handsome effect, dignity, and usefulness of a moiré silk bag, with ivory mount and initials in ivory enclosed in a circle in the centre, will appeal to any refined woman. It is richly and beautifully lined. There is also a useful silk bag in navy-blue, black, or grey, or in black velvet. This is roomy, nicely lined, and fitted with a mirror, puff and centre division. It is a good

and moderate-priced present. Rings are ever-welcomed gifts, and of these Vickery's have a great choice. A fine diamond-and-sapphire platinum and 18-carat ring is a lovely gift at £17 10s. For £19 10s., a ring in the favourite



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.
(J. C. Vickery.)

diamond - shaped cluster, in diamonds set in platinum, can be had; the gift will bring warm gratitude. Table clocks of oblong, square, and octagonal shapes, in gilt-bronze, with radiumised dials, make splendid gifts at £7 10s. each. For smokers of either sex, there are quantities of pretty gifts, including a solid sterling silver cigarette box, fitted with a silver match-sheath, and convenient for travelling or for smoking-table, costing only £7 18s. 6d. In short, there are very few requirements on the part of gift-choosers that Messrs. Vickery cannot satisfy.

When in doubt play *Ciro* pearls, is expert advice for present-givers. Pearls are gems beloved above all by womankind; those to be seen any day in the *Ciro* Salons, 39, Old Bond Street, are equal in appearance to the finest from the depths of Orient seas.

In making such gifts it is not necessary to confine the choice to necklets or to ropes, for there are as well all sorts of attractive ornaments. Rings are always much appreciated presents to a woman friend of any age. Then, a woman can be sure of pleasing a man by a present of a pearl scarf-pin. Brooches and neck chains are other desirable gifts; the brooch illustrated costs, it is difficult to realise, only one guinea; though the pearl on the bar looks worth £50 at least; and there are other beautiful presents at a similar price. There are sets of evening-shirt studs for men friends, and handsome and effective cuff-links. Not every one can call at the *Ciro* salons, albeit many thousands make it their pleasant business to do so. The pearls can be seen beautifully illustrated in a catalogue which will be sent on application to the *Ciro* Salons, or some specimens may be sent on approval.

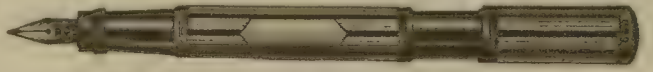
WHAT
A MAN
LIKES.
(*Ciro*
Pearls.)

A Christmas present invariably acceptable to smokers, a term which now includes everyone over sixteen, is a box of real good cigarettes. The important point is to be quite sure of the quality; no one cares for second best in smokes. *Kenilworths* meet the matter exactly, as everyone appreciates the mellow and delicate flavour of these first-rate Virginias. A box of 100 or 50—attractive as *Kenilworth* boxes are—makes a particularly suitable Christmas gift to man or woman who deserves the very best.



AN EFFECTIVE RING.
(*Ciro* Pearls.)

When in doubt, send your friend a *Waterman's* Ideal Fountain Pen. Soon no doubt will obtrude itself, for givers of such presents find them so acceptable that they become a habitual gift. Write to L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, 41, Kingsway, W.C.2, for the "Pen Book," which will at once be sent to you post free. In it fully described you will find just the pens you want. There are quickly self-filling styles which save all soil to the fingers, and can be filled at any inkstand; and there are perfect safety pens which can be carried in any position.



A PRESENT FOR A GOOD FRIEND.—(*Waterman's* Pen.)

Of the distilling of scents there is no end. There are, however, few perfumes that bear the test of time so well, that appeal so surely to refined taste, that last so well, and give such real pleasure as those of our own famous British firm of J. Grossmith and Son. Whether it be the much-loved *Wana-Ranee*, in which is embodied the fragrance of the wonderfully odorous flowers of Ceylon; *Phul-Nana*, which gives out the subtle, langorous essence of the East; *Hasu-no-Hana*, which seems redolent of the "Thousand and One Nights"—the delicious and haunting properties of these scents are maintained. Each has its own series of preparations for the toilet—soap, powder, bath-salts, face-creams—all, in fact, of the refinements for the toilette of a modern woman of taste who never mixes her perfumes. *Shem-el-Nessim* is another very beautiful scent of Grossmiths' distilling which finds great favour.



THE PERFUME OF REFINEMENT.
(J. Grossmith and Son.)

[Continued overleaf.]

For Beautiful Floors

BEAUTIFUL FLOORS are largely a matter of prevention—the great secret is to put them in perfect condition and then keep them that way. Doorways, stairs, and other parts receiving hard usage, should be polished frequently. This requires no great amount of time or effort if the proper finish is used.

JOHNSON'S Paste-Liquid-Powdered PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax Paste is the proper finish for floors of all kinds—wood, tile, marble and linoleum. It does not show scratches or heel-prints—and floors polished with it can easily be kept in perfect condition. Worn spots can be re-waxed without going over the entire floor.

Use Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid for polishing your furniture, leather goods, woodwork and motor-cars. It imparts a hard, dry, velvety polish of great beauty and durability. Johnson's Wax forms a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk or dresser-top.

For a Perfect Dancing Surface

Just sprinkle Johnson's Powdered Wax over any floor. The feet of the dancers will spread the Wax, polishing the floor and putting it in perfect condition for dancing.

Johnson's Prepared Wax Paste, in 6d., 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6 and 14/6 sizes.

Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid, in 2/6, 4/6 and 8/6 sizes.

Johnson's Prepared Wax Powdered, in 1/9, 2/6 and 4/6 sizes.

Send Sixpence for a Trial Tin of Johnson's Prepared Wax Paste.

Insist upon "Johnson's"—there is no substitute
S. C. JOHNSON & SON,
West Drayton,
Middlesex.

High Quality.

The Quality of a Cocoa is all-important; for upon it depends its food-value, flavour and digestibility.

It is in Quality that

Van Houten's

excels; therein lies the secret of its flavour, unequalled digestibility and remarkable nutritiousness.

Best & Goes Farthest.

Hotel PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK

THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD



The Front Door of America

This is the main entrance of the Pennsylvania Hotel—familiar to European travellers as '*the front door of America*.'

The size of the Pennsylvania, its unique situation in New York, and its *service* that reaches right down to the landing-bridges of the ocean-liners—all are features which have helped to give a real meaning to the title.

The Pennsylvania provides for the comfort of its guests in many unusually thoughtful ways. For instance—the full-length mirror in every bedroom, the morning paper that is slipped under your door before you wake; the pin-cushion on your dressing-table containing pins, buttons, and needles threaded with both black and white cotton—and so on.

Make the Pennsylvania your home when you come to New York.

How to Reserve Accommodation

Full information and descriptive literature can be obtained at the Statler Hotel Bureau, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Bookings can also be arranged through any of the offices of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son; or by letter or cable sent direct to the Hotel. A wireless message from your ship secures reservations, if you have not written or wired earlier. Requests for rooms on arrival of a certain steamer need not give exact date—room is only charged for from date of occupancy.

2,200 Rooms

—each with a private bathroom

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK CITY U.S.A

Cables : - 'Pennhotel New York'

Statler Hotel in BUFFALO



450 Rooms—each with a private bathroom

A wonderful city with a wonderful neighbour. Because of its proximity to Niagara Falls Buffalo ranks with the most famous sight—seeing cities in the world. No visit to America is complete without seeing The Falls, and therefore this city figures on the itinerary of every tourist.

Statler Hotel in CLEVELAND



1,000 Rooms—each with a private bathroom

The wonder city of the Great Lakes, occupying 17 miles of frontage upon the beautiful Lake Erie. More than one-half the population of the U.S. live within 500 miles of Cleveland. Now leads all other communities in the manufacture of hardware.

Statler Hotel in DETROIT



1,000 Rooms—each with a private bathroom

Detroit now ranks fourth City in population in the U.S., having over a million inhabitants. Beautifully situated in the heart of the Great Lakes District. It is the Coventry of America, and the world's greatest centre of the Motor Industry.

Statler Hotel in ST. LOUIS



650 Rooms—each with a private bathroom

With bank resources of more than \$700,000,000 and a volume of trade exceeding \$1,500,000,000 in 1919, St. Louis justly claims to be the largest distributing centre in the United States. It is in the very midst of the corn and wheat Belt—the "Bread Basket of the World."

Hotels Statler

Christmas in the Shops—Continued

At Carter's, 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street are numerous gifts which secure special gratitude because of their addition to the personal comfort of either the well and strong, or invalids. The most luxurious adjustable reclining chairs and couches



THE "ESEGO" TRICYCLE FOR THE DISABLED OR INVALIDED.—(Carter's)

comfortable bath chairs, carriages for infants and perambulators, and a wonderful invalid carriage electrically-propelled, with batteries which can be charged from the home supply, are found at Carter's famous house.



A GIFT FOR A GIRL.
(Robinson and Cleaver.)

A wealth of acceptable Christmas presents will be found at the Linen Hall, Regent Street, the London headquarters of Robinson and Cleaver. Everything that can be desired in linen is available. Handkerchiefs from 7s. 3d. a dozen to 69s. 6d. are of wonderful value for ladies, and for men from 33s. a dozen to 5½ guineas a dozen. There are beautiful Italian embroidered dinner-table sets; lovely bedspreads and afternoon tea and dinner cloths. Also there are things to wear

Peek Frean is a name to conjure with where biscuit lovers are concerned. The varieties and the excellence of all the types of biscuits made by this celebrated firm would require a volume to specify. There is a further favour for which the British public owe Peek Frean's great gratitude, and that is Meltis Chocolate, undoubtedly one of the most delicious eating-chocolates ever produced. It is made either with milk or without, and it really does melt in the mouth. It is light, digestible, nutritious, easily portable, and delicious.

A present from such a firm as Carrington's in Regent Street is one twice valued. It is sure in itself to be lovely, and the name ensures its being perfect in taste, workmanship, and quality. There are many presents of quite moderate price, and in special favour are aquamarines, amethysts, pink and yellow topazes, set in diamonds. These are suitable for wearing with day dress. Pearls are a specialty at Carrington's; there are strings of these fashionable gems, from one for a child at



FOR SHELL-LIKE EARS: DIAMONDS AND PEARLS
(Carrington's)



A WATCH OF BEAUTY: PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS.
(Carrington's.)

fifteen to others at several thousands of pounds. There are the most perfect miniature watches either on wristlets or on fobs of moiré ribbon with slides. One is in loveliest enamel, others in carved crystal surrounded with diamonds; these are works of art. Tiaras are now being disposed of as Victorian and out of date, and pearls being purchased instead.

The newest hair ornament is a flexible bandeau: there are very beautiful examples in diamonds at this world-famous royal jewellers.

That famous firm, Liberty's, is well equipped with gifts of all kinds for the coming season, whether at East India House or at Chesham House, their two celebrated establishments in Regent Street. There is a beautifully illustrated list in colour and in half-tone, which will make an admirable guide to useful and beautiful gifts, at all prices, which they will send free on application. It is a work of art, worthy of the great reputation of Liberty's, and of their fame for colour the world over.



A SUPERB PRESENT: DIAMONDS ON PLATINUM, AND DIAMOND CHAIN.—(Carrington's.)

Many a dainty and delicious dish can add to Christmas cheer through the beneficent agency of Bird's Custard Powder and Bird's Home Specialties. These preparations are a household word not only in our own Empire, but the world over. Alfred Bird and Sons, Ltd., Devonshire Works, Birmingham, will send a booklet of reliable recipes on application. This will supply delightful additions to the festive season's dinner tables.



A DELIGHTFUL EASY CHAIR FOR COMFORT AND SELF-PROPULSION.—(Carter's.)

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



"Their Ideal"

The Gift that combines sentiment and service

Three Types—"Regular," from 12/6; "Safety" and "Self-Filling," from 17/6; No. 54, "Self-Filling," and No. 44, "Safety" with extra large nib, at 22/6, specially recommended. Also Presentation Pens in Silver

and Gold. Nibs to suit all hands (exchanged gratis if not quite right). Of Stationers and Jewellers. A copy of "The Pen Book," a charming illustrated brochure, sent free by post on request.

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

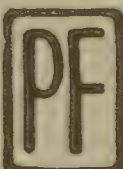
Pascall Versailles Chocolates

Pure delight from first taste to last

Pascall Sweets,
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Christmas and
all occasions.

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Of Confectioners everywhere.

JAMES PASCAILL, LTD., LONDON, S.E.
Also try Pascall "Bitter-Sweets" Chocolates.



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EAT**

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REGD.

—and other **BISCUITS** made by
PEEK FREAN.



The value of
a lace is in
the service it
gives—not in
the cost.

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Laces, by reason of
their specialised manu-
facture, give the highest
service, retain their
smart appearance, and
the tags are fast.

*Insist on Paton's and
avoid lace trouble.*

WM. PATON, LTD. :: Johnstone, Scotland.



**"19, 20,—
my plate's
empty!"**

There's no pudding
left on the plate when
it is served with Bird's
Custard as hot sauce.

You can have no better
sauce for a boiled or steamed
pudding; and BIRD'S, so
cream-like and exquisite in
flavor, is made in a moment.

**BIRD'S
CUSTARD**

owes its superiority to the rare good quality of its
ingredients, and to distinct methods of manufacture.

It should be a mother's care to see that she really gets Bird's
Custard. Millions of mothers take this care each week, knowing
that BIRD'S adds 25% nutriment to the milk with which it
is prepared.

Responsibility for Purity.

*We take this upon ourselves. We guarantee that
BIRD'S is "the Pure Custard," and we make it only
of the finest quality ingredients that money can buy.*

Geoffrey B. Bird & Co. Ltd.

C16

MENTONE GD. HOTEL NATIONAL.

Position. Full South. High. Good English Clientèle. Renowned Cuisine. **Extremely Comfortable and Spacious. Fine Garden. Best CAPITAINE SCHIRER.**

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The Seaside Mountain Resort.

10 minutes from Monte Carlo.

40 minutes from Nice.

Casino Municipal, Theatre, Salles de Jeux, Dancing, etc. Battles of Flowers, Regattas, Tennis, Croquet, Golf, Enchanting Excursions, Exquisite Scenery, Great Attractions, Delightful Surroundings.

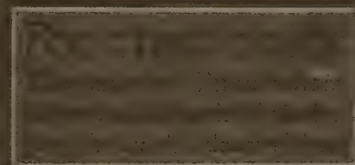
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**Vaseline-
CAPSICUM**

PETROLEUM JELLY



PREPARED BY VASELINE COMPANY

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

Useful and beautiful—what more could anyone desire in a Christmas gift? These characteristics are most happily combined in Oneida Community Plate. It is of wide reputation for beauty of design and for superb finish. As presents there are charming small things, such as sets of six medium-sized tea spoons at £1 5s. (with tongs to match, £1 13s. 6d.); six tea or child's knives with hollow handles, £2 12s. 6d.; pairs of dessert or fruit-eaters with hollow handles, £5 12s. 6d.; a pair of fruit or preserve spoons, £1 10s.; six orange-spoons, £1 18s. 6d. These are a selection at random from many small pieces suitable for seasonable presents. Canteens of period silver are, of course, exceptionally handsome. They are in all the best periods of English furnishing and decoration, and are of peculiarly satisfying beauty. One can start with a canteen of 40 pieces in fumed oak for 15 guineas, a present fit for any young couple, and so up to 150 guineas.

A Christmas gift of a Primus Engineering set is immensely prized by the intelligent children of to-day. With one, all sorts of things can be made. The popular outfit is 25s., and contains 276 parts. Smaller sets are 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and larger from 45s. upwards. A leaflet will be sent free by W. Butcher and Sons, Camera House, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4.

Care of the hands is now a cult. To enable a friend to pursue it with pleasure and success, give him, or her, a set of Cutex manicure preparations. Cutex itself is a preparation that does away with a rough, ragged, or adhering cuticle without cutting. Three sets, costing respectively 9s. 6d., 19s., or 3s., make really useful Christmas presents which can be had at any stores, perfumers, or chemists.

A gift that is always acceptable is a reliable brand of cigarette, and in this connection it is worthy of note that the makers of the well-known "Greys" market their products in boxes suitable for presentation at this season of the year. These cigarettes are obtainable in boxes of fifty and a hundred, as well as in smaller quantities, and by reason of their size and quality constitute an appropriate and welcome gift.

The pen of the ready writer is a real gift, and to this distinction the Cameron Pen lays unrivalled claim. It is so easy to fill, no inky fingers, no mess on the blotting-pad, simply "pull and push," and the Cameron is ready for a hard day's work. Favourite nibs are exactly copied in the 14-carat gold, iridium-tipped nibs of the Cameron Fountain, which, at 21s. up to the gold-mounted variety at 70s., form first-rate Christmas presents.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

JOHN VAN DER GRAAF (Antwerp).—We are very pleased to hear of your re-establishment at home. We have handed your enquiry to our Manager with a request that he will attend to the matter. The address of the British Correspondence Chess Association is: Miss D. Shead, Acting General Secretary, British Correspondence Chess Association, Kewhurst House, Little Common, Beahill, Sussex.

W. WILLIAMS (Cardiff).—Black cannot castle under the circumstances. His King has moved once from his square, and has gone back again, which deprives him of his right of casting.

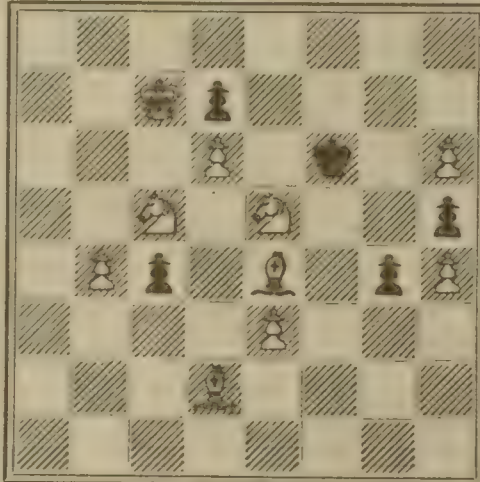
H. R. B. (Upper Clapton).—Your question is very difficult to answer, and in any case must be a matter of opinion. We doubt, however, if a superior can be found to the British composer you name.

Mrs. ARTHUR RAWSON.—We regret a notice of the event did not reach us.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from Ahmad Mirza (Dacca) and Syed Sharfuddin (Dacca).

PROBLEM No. 3849.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3847.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE

1. P to K 3rd

2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Any move

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3843 received from Syed Sharfuddin (Dacca) and H. F. Meyer (Forbaird, India); of No. 3844 from H. F. Meyer and P. N. Banerji (Dhar, India); of No. 3845 from J. B. Camara (Madeira) and R. F. Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada); of No. 3847 from P. W. Hunt (Bridgewater), F. Harper Shove, W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), C. A. P. Jas. C. Gemmell (Campbelltown), R. C. Durell (South Woodford), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), C. H. Watson (Masham), C. A. Rowley (Yatton), Jas. T. Palmer (Church), J. Howell (Banbury), J. Paul Taylor (Exeter), W. H. Statnam, Rev. A. Rowley (Nottingham), M. J. F. Crewell (Tulse Hill) and E. M. Vicars (Norwich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3848 received from A. H. H. (Bath), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), W. Williams (Cardiff), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Herbert Russell (Leicester), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter) and H. W. Satow (Bangor).

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

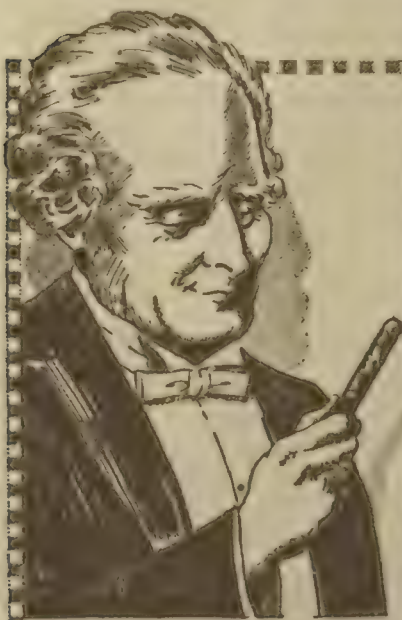
Paris, Nov. 22, 1920.

LORD DERBY'S departure from Paris, at the conclusion of his term of office as Ambassador, will not easily be forgotten by those who saw his "send-off" at the Gare du Nord last week. Not only was the whole of French society present on the platform to bid him good-bye, but all his colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps were there without exception, the Prime Minister and the principal members of the Government, Maréchal Foch and other distinguished soldiers—in fact, there was no section of French society unrepresented. In the three short years that Lord Derby was here he won for himself a position which was in a sense unique, and which he owed in great measure to his genial personality, as well as to a certain disarming frankness of character which opened many a door to him that might otherwise have remained closed.

How well one remembers his arrival here in the dark days of March 1918. Paris was being tormented by the unwelcome attentions of "Big Bertha," the long-range gun with which the Germans sought to destroy the moral of the Parisians when everything else had failed. Things were at their worst for the Allies on the Western Front in the anxious weeks that preceded the unity of command. It was not an easy moment for an Ambassador untrained in the technical school of diplomacy to take office, and there were, perhaps, a few who doubted whether the experiment would be successful. Lord Derby came, however, and, like the Roman of old, he saw and he conquered. It would be difficult to exaggerate the service he has rendered to England during these three years; it is only those who have been privileged to know some of the problems that have had to be dealt with day by day who can form a true estimate of what his work has been. From the very first, Lord Derby's relations with the personnel of the Quai d'Orsay have been such that, as a leading French newspaper put it when writing of his departure, "the new Ambassador had the gift of turning all formal conversations into friendly talks, and, thanks to this, many international questions which might have taken a more serious turn were settled in a friendly manner between the two countries." Here, in a sentence, is the secret of Lord Derby's great success: he was an honest English gentleman, imbued with a real friendship for the people of this country, actuated by a sincere desire to maintain a true and lasting Entente between England and France.

During his term of office Lord Derby made the British Embassy a very real centre of social and political life, and the Ambassador took a personal

(Continued overleaf.)



WHEN you light a 'Meriel,' let the smoke trickle away: lean back and thoroughly enjoy the exquisite flavour of this entrancing cigar; you are enjoying one of the greatest pleasures in the world, and at the same time your conscience is clear—you are not being extravagant, for Imperiales de Rothschild Cigars cost but 1/- each. They are made of superb Havanna Tobacco, wrapped in an exquisite Sumatra cover, and equal a 4/- imported cigar. Prove it, if you please.

If your Tobacconist will not supply, send 50/- for a 50 box.

We guarantee their quality.

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In every variety, and at all prices.
Sectional Catalogue No. 1.

The "Embassy."

Adjustable "Comfort" Chair.
Full range of 40 designs, in
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EVERYTHING FOR THE
DISABLED OR INVALID.

2, 4 & 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W. 1.



MANY
DISHES

though economical in
price, can be given a delicious
relish if properly flavoured. Make
them enjoyable by using LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE. It has a tang all its own.

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The Original and Genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE.



PERSONAL beauty may
be as much the result of a
careful toilet as the favour of the
gods. Beauty that charms depends
chiefly on a delicate complexion,
a velvety skin, white, full-rounded
arms and throat. You can make
these desirable charms yours by the
consistent use of Field's Fleur-de-Lys
Vanishing Cream. Field's is a pure,
non-greasy cream that entirely vanishes
by absorption. It tones and nourishes
the skin, keeping it delightfully soft,
supple and white. It is the best and
safest way of obtaining a clear and
delicate complexion.

Field's
FLEUR-DE-LYS
Vanishing Cream

Field's Fleur-de-Lys
Toilet Cream. Gently
massaged into the skin
before retiring this emol-
lient Skin Food nour-
ishes the skin and tones
up the tissues through-
out the night, keeping the
skin in ideal condition.

Field's Fleur-de-Lys
Face Powder. A dain-
tily perfumed, finely-
sifted powder that
adheres readily and
effectively softens and
protects the skin. In
Naturelle, Blanche and
Rachet.

FIELD'S FLEUR-DE-LYS
TOILET PREPARATIONS
The series with the
black and gold
diamonds.
Vanishing Cream 1/3
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Brilliantine solid 1/3
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Shaving Cream 1/3
Toilet Soap (3 tabs.) 1/6
Daintily perfumed with
Attar of Roses.

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd. London, S.E. 1.
Established 1642, in the reign of Charles I.

TATCHO

THE HAIR GROWER, price 2/9

TATCHO-TONE

FOR GREY HAIR, price 4/6



TATCHO-TONE—FOR GREY HAIR, is the ally of Tatcho, the Hair Grower. It promptly disposes of all appearance of grey-ness. It transforms grey or faded hair to its former natural tone forthwith and in one application.

With Tatcho-tone there is no passing through progressive stages of natural tints. Tatcho-tone has just to be combed through the grey strands and the natural colour—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black, with its natural vigour and lustre, is brought back. The hair is much improved by the application, and is always washable. The highest medical pronouncement accompanies each bottle. If it is thought desirable, a test for colour with Tatcho-tone may very well be made on a strand of combings. For this purpose a trial phial may be had post free in plain envelope on sending 8d. in stamps to the Tatcho-tone Laboratories, The George R. Sims Hair Restorer Company, 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C. Mention shade desired.

SEND
FOR
TRIAL
BOTTLE. **8D.**

These two separate dressing-table preparations are supplied by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

WINTER SPORTS

LADIES contemplating visiting Switzerland are advised to visit our Sports Showrooms before purchasing, as we have made a special study of everything that is required for Winter Sports, and have now a large stock of cloaks, suits, and complete sets suitable for tobogganing, bobbing, ski-ing, skating, &c.

A NEW FLEECY WOOL JUMPER, as sketch, made in the new ribbed stitch, and in many beautiful light shades, with contrasting border and collar as shown. Suitable for any kind of sport.

Price 94/6



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DEBENHAM, LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Every
Burberry
Garment
bears a
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Whether for Sport, Motoring; Ceremony or Everyday Use

there is a distinction—an individuality—about a Burberry Model which, in conjunction with many exclusive inventions, make it the universal standard of perfection.

BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF TOP-COATS

combine with their serviceability and distinguished appearance, the most dependable protection available—security that completely neutralises the discomforts of exposure to rain, wind or cold. Tailored by picked London craftsmen, from distinctive materials, woven and proofed without rubber by Burberry processes, a Burberry Top-coat provides an efficient safeguard against wet, yet is perfectly self-ventilating—supplies luxurious warmth in wintry weather, yet is light and comfortable on the mildest day.

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& Patterns Post Free.

BURBERRYS' HALF-PRICE SALE
Commencing December 1st.

Men's and Women's Suits, Weatherproofs, Overcoats. Ready-for-use; also TO MEASURE in certain cloths. Underwear, Outfitting, Nightwear. **PIECE SILKS** of every description at **HALF USUAL PRICE.**

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WEATHERALL BURBERRY

A spruce general service model, available in an extensive variety of Burberrys' Proof - without - Heat, Warm-without-Weight Tweeds and Coatings.

RELIABLE FURS

All our furs are of a particularly reliable character. They are made on the premises under thoroughly hygienic conditions, by our own highly-skilled furriers, from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The fit, shape, and finish are invariably excellent. The prices are the lowest possible compatible with the quality of the skins used.

FUR COAT, as sketch, an exact copy of a recent Paris model, made by our own furriers from selected seal musquash skins, with handsome skunk collar; lined rich quality satin.

SPECIAL PRICE 135 GNS.

This model can also be copied in seal dyed coney, sable dyed squirrel, &c.

Seal Coney coats in plain shapes made from reliable skins.

Special Price, 39 Gns.

Seal coney coats with handsome skunk collars from 49 Gns.

Catalogue post free.



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Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value

continued.

interest in bringing together men and women of widely different ideas, who met, perhaps for the first time, at his table. Both Lord and Lady Derby have won for themselves a very special place in the hearts of Parisians, and are assured of a warm welcome whenever they return to this country.

In the course of the next ten days we shall know the name of the fortunate author selected by the Committee now sitting to award the *Prix de l'Académie Goncourt* given for the best novel of the season. The Committee has been deliberating longer than usual this year, owing to the large number of excellent works which have been brought to their notice. Though there is nothing of outstanding merit as in former years, yet the general standard is so much higher as to make the choice an exceedingly difficult one.

Looking down a list of recent publications the other day, I was struck by the large proportion of women writers whose names appeared: not so very many years ago one would have found them a small minority, whereas to-day they are almost as numerous as the men. Perhaps one of the most popular authors of to-day is Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, whose wide knowledge of human nature, combined with a rare gift of sympathy, places her in the front rank of modern French writers of fiction.

One of the books which is being discussed everywhere in Paris just now is by a very gifted woman writer, Mme. Lucie Cousturier. "*Des Inconnus chez Moi*" deals with the Senegalese troops in the country during the war. Although classed as a novel, I should hesitate to recommend it as such—or, indeed, as anything but as a strange contribution to scientific literature whose proper place is in a medical library.

Roland Dorgelès has given us in "*Les Croix de Bois*" a deeply touching and extraordinarily beautiful study of the great and silent martyrs of the world war. His little book will live throughout the ages, with its message of hope and consolation for those who are left to mourn here on earth.

Those who appreciate wit and sparkle will be delighted with the contents of *Truth's* Christmas Number. Gay's "*Beggars' Opera*" has been transplanted to Westminster, and makes one of the most humorous

up-to-date political parodies imaginable. The excerpts from the "forthcoming autobiography" of "Libby," the three short stories, the comic and tragic verse, are all excellent of their kind. Coloured plates illustrating "*The Westminster Beggars' Opera*" are also included.

At the beginning of next year the St. Dunstan's organisation will be transferred from the situation which it has since its inception occupied, thanks to



THE NEW M.P. FOR THE WREKIN ALIGHTING FROM A 25-30-H.P. R.F.C. CROSSLEY LANDAULETTE: GENERAL TOWNSHEND AT CHATHAM'S HOSPITAL, MANCHESTER.

General Townshend inspected the boys of Chatham's Hospital during his recent visit to Manchester. He was returned as M.P. (Independent) for the Wrekin Division of Shropshire on November 22, defeating the Labour candidate by nearly 4000 votes.

the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn. There has been secured from the Crown another spacious property in Regent's Park, and for months past workshops have been in course of erection. The high prices ruling for labour and materials have necessitated a very large expenditure upon these removal operations, and St. Dunstan's is seeking to meet these by a widespread postal appeal of a rather unusual character. This appeal will have reached a large proportion of our readers recently, or will reach them in the course of the next few days, and it is hoped that all will respond.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Forthcoming Regulations.

The Ministry of Transport is understood to be drafting a Bill for presentation to Parliament, the object of which is to invest the Ministry with powers to make regulations under the motor taxation clauses of the Finance Act. These regulations have, I am given to understand, already been drafted, and unless all the information available is hopelessly wrong, are likely to prove irksome and vexatious to the last degree. For example, the payment of one's tax in January will be accompanied by the issue by the receiving authority of a plaque, either of enamelled iron or card enclosed in a holder, which will have to be displayed "in a conspicuous position" on the car. This position, I am told, is in front of the dash, or on the forward side of the wind-screen. Then there is to be a registration book, in which are to be recorded all the particulars relating to the car, and its changes of ownership; and this book is to be produced on demand by any authorised official or policeman who thinks he would like to see it.

There should be no difficulty in identifying the motorist once these regulations are in force. He will have to carry the regulation number-plates as at present. There will be the plaque in front, of which I have already spoken. The driving license must be carried and produced when demanded by a police officer in uniform, and, in addition, the registration book must be carried ready to be produced. It follows, as a matter of course, that if any single one of these requirements should happen to be neglected, the "offender" would be haled before a court and savagely fined for his remissness. Really, I am seriously beginning to wonder whether the Huns would have harried us in the way our own Government is doing (or intends to do if we agree to take it all lying down), if they had won the war and sent an army of occupation here to hold us down. I am inclined to doubt it.

Another Tax on Motoring.

At the present time, the familiar red "trade" number-plate is issued to the trader on payment of a fee of £3 a year, which covers any number of

(Continued overleaf.)

THE CHOCOLATE QUESTION

Are they Rowntrees?

"The Standard of Excellence."

Names that cannot wash out

That is the great value; add to this extreme neatness, daintiness and legibility and the ideal method of marking Linen, Woollen and Knitted Garments is obtained.

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

Woven on Fino Cambric Tapa in Fast Turkey Red

PRICES:—White ground: 12 doz. 5/-; 6 doz. 3/9; 3 doz. 2/9.
Black ground: 12 doz. 6/6; 6 doz. 4/6; 3 doz. 3/6.

OF ALL DRAPERS AND OUTFITTERS, or Woven Samples and full list of Styles FREE from

J. & J. CASH, LTD., COVENTRY.

Please mention "*Illustrated London News*."

BADEN-POWELL

STYLE No 151

Baden-Powell

STYLE No 6

IVELCON

A Perfect "Beef-Cup" for One Penny

Awarded Three Gold Medals and Diplomas for Excellence.

ST. IVEL, LTD., YEovil.

This is absolutely the finest thing of its kind. In fact, there is nothing quite like it. A penny cube of Ivelcon dissolved in boiling water makes a delicious "Beef-Cup"—no salt or flavouring required.

Ivelcon is pure meat extract, with such salt and vegetable flavouring as is necessary for producing a really high-class Consommé. It makes an ideal first course to an economical dinner.

Of all Grocers.

6 cubes 6d., 12 cubes 1/-, 50 cubes 3/6.

Made in a Moment

To the woman of affairs as to the business man, the Christmas gift of an Eversharp Pencil carries a special manifestation of friendship. Handsomely shaped and finished by master craftsmen, Eversharp is built for lifetime service. Its compact barrel, balanced for easy writing, contains 18 inches of lead—sufficient to last several months. A shilling replenishes the lead supply. Smartly made in every appropriate style for everybody, Eversharp represents the gift of lifelong writing comfort. All sizes for pocket, chain, purse or hand bag. Make sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil. Dealers everywhere.

The Wahl Eversharp Company, Ltd.,
Premier House,
150, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

EVERSHARP
Always sharp — never sharpened.



In adding to the joys of Motherhood Savory & Moore's Food plays a very important part. It helps the mother to continue nursing her baby and it satisfies the child when a food has to be found.

**SAVORY & MOORE'S
FOOD**



Take a Course of Sanatogen to make You Healthy & Vigorous.

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No other tonic or nutrient is capable of improving your health as Sanatogen will; that is why Sanatogen was the only tonic or nutrient to receive the highest possible award (the Grand Prix) at the last International Medical Congress held in London.

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Continued.
plates he may have in use. The Ministry of Transport intends that next year the fee shall be £15 per plate in use, which represents, according to the best official figures obtainable, an extra tax on the industry of a round £1,000,000 a year. Last week a deputation representing the industry waited upon the Ministry to urge that such an impost would press hardly upon a trade already sufficiently burdened, but it received scant encouragement. They were informed that the tax has got to stand. I am told that it has already been decided that the trade cannot afford to pay this out of its own pockets, and that it is to be passed on to the purchaser in the shape of an additional charge of £15 per car. I give the figure itself with reserve, but I am told that it is correct. In any case, the impost must fall upon the purchaser. So that the net effect is that the £8,000,000 we were told the motoring community was to find for the roads has been increased, first to £10,000,000, and now to £11,000,000 a year—and in the meantime the other forms of road traffic escape with a fractional amount of taxation. Those who represent these other interests cannot be as tame as we, or they would be paying in something like the same ratio.

Although the general cut in prices that was freely anticipated before the Show did not materialise, it

is worthy of note that some firms, instead of announcing price-reductions, are making a point of offering better value for money in the way of extra equipment. The 10-h.p. Swift two-seater, for instance, now includes an electric lighting and starting set—both of which are included in the fixed price of £495.

A commendable development amongst the new season's lower-powered cars is the provision in some cases of a four-speed gear-box where three gears were previously employed. With the extra gear—as in the case of the 12-h.p. Swift—the service capacity of a car is materially increased, enabling as it does the best all-round use to be made of the engine, whether the car be equipped with a two or four seater body. W. W.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

WINE maketh glad the heart of man, and therefore forms a singularly appropriate present for Christmas or the New Year, when we all try to be glad, but sometimes feel the need of a little stimulation. The gift of a hamper of Golden Guinea Sparkling Muscatel would do the recipient that service, and at the same time encourage the industry of our French Allies. It is a medium dry wine which comes direct from the vineyards of France, and the wholesale agents in London are Golden Guinea, 15, Charlotte Street, W.1. For gift purposes it is packed in neat wicker baskets containing four large bottles for 55s., or four half-bottles for 31s.

Rhine wines are no longer a monopoly of Germany, for the Rhine is now a French river along more than a hundred miles of its western banks. The wines of Alsace-Lorraine, which under the German régime lost their national identity, have now come into their own again, and Alsatian brands are taking their rightful place on the market under their real names. Hitherto it has been thought that a hock must be of German origin in order to be genuine, but now it has become recognised that the French Rhine wines not only equal, but generally surpass, any German wines popular here before the war.

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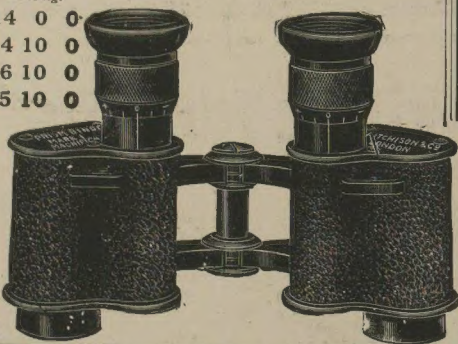
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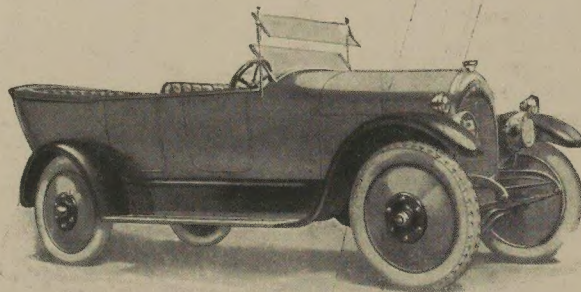
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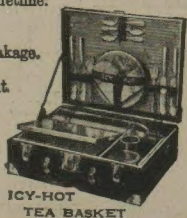
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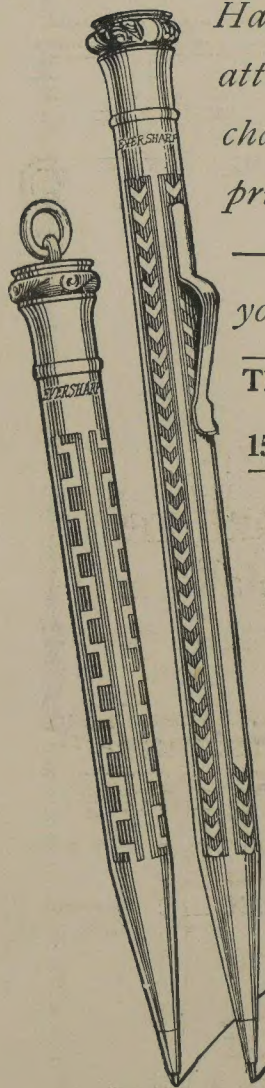
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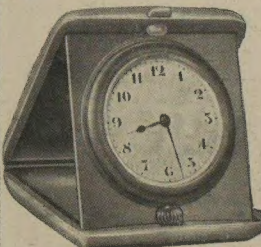
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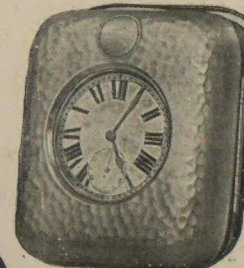
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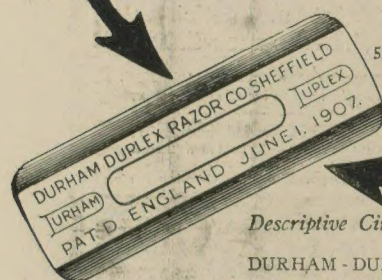
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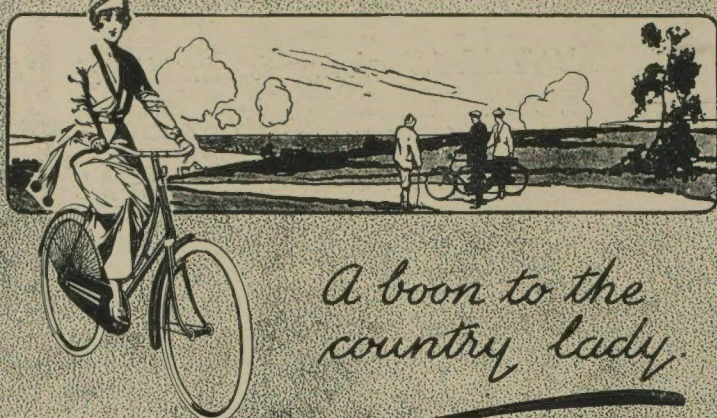
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